

VILLAGE HALLS AND VILLAGE LIFE (Illustrated).
THE SPELL OF WINTER SPORTS (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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Country Produce and the Parcel Post

MR. KELLAWAY, the Postmaster General, can hardly realise the manner in which the increase in cost for the postage of parcels has killed the useful business that was growing up before the war. If he did there would be no danger of pleading in vain for a small but important postal reform. It is that there should be a special reduction in the postal rates for parcels of home-grown food. Many farmers, dairymen, gardeners and fishmongers had formed a good body of customers by sending parcels of their own produce at a rate which was cheap because it escaped the charges of the middleman. In some places they consisted of the products of the dairy. Even at the old rate, postage formed a perceptible addition to the cost. We take Jersey butter as an example. It was, and is, very difficult to obtain in London and the provincial towns butter that can be reckoned upon to come up week by week to practically the same quality and appearance. There is a great deal of difference between Jersey butter and butter from the shops

—a difference that is very keenly appreciated by invalids. Grocers have, since the war, obtained a good profit on butter, but it must be admitted at the same time that the cost of producing it has become much greater. This is not due altogether to the general rise in wages, although that item cannot be ignored, but the standard of cleanliness and management generally has been raised, with a rise consequently in the cost of production. Suppose that butter cost on the farm at first hand two shillings and fourpence per pound. On orders of one pound a week the cost of postage would be ninepence, just the same as it is for two pounds; and ninepence on two shillings and fourpence is, roughly, 33½ per cent. If two pounds were sent at the same price, there would still be a charge of 16 per cent. on the article. That is heavy enough to stop the trade unless in such exceptional circumstances as make the butter necessary, regardless of cost. Eggs stand in the same category. Despite all the care that is said to be taken in their collection, the customer cannot rely on getting absolutely fresh eggs at a shop. There are many people who, in fact, on no consideration whatever will eat shop eggs, and we cannot but sympathise with them. There is a very great difference between the article of ordinary commerce and the eggs that have been laid by hens which enjoy the run of a meadow or paddock. The poultry keeper who has worked up a business among private customers is very well aware that it cannot be retained unless "fresh eggs" are absolutely fresh. He cannot afford, as happens so often with those who sell on a big scale, to allow of the accidental inclusion of one that has gone stale.

Another man may, in preference to that, specialise in table poultry. Nowadays this can be produced of much greater size and higher quality than it was before the war, but the rural consumer does not really care for the best bird. He has been accustomed to give a certain price for a chicken and does not understand being charged by weight. The bird that used to be sold to him weighed on an average about four pounds, whereas the Rhode Island chickens are easily increased to more than double that weight. They are the very birds that are wanted in a town household, and it is a very great pity that the poultry keeper should be discouraged from rearing and fattening them. The price charged for chickens at the multiple shops has been very outrageous, and at the present time represents far more than a fair profit to the retailer. Indirectly, however, the high rate for parcels acts as a protection to him and he can do as he likes. Cheapen transport and the whole supply will be cheapened, whether it comes direct from the poultry-yard or from a shop.

Fruit is a still more striking case. It was in many districts so plentiful this year that it could scarcely be given away, and in others it was so scarce that the household supply of jam could not be made. Cheap transport, and especially postage, would have levelled the prices all round. Fruit would not have been so dear where it was scarce nor so cheap where it was plentiful. Apples were in great abundance and, unfortunately, of less keeping value than usual. Ten pound parcels of beautiful apples, either for dessert or kitchen, would have been distributed over the country and, in particular, sent to the towns but for the immense cost of postage as compared with the price that ruled for apples.

Another very useful arrangement was that of sending baskets of fish direct from the trawler. These baskets were welcome everywhere, both in town and country, but there are comparatively few households that can do with a large supply of fish every day, and no fish improves in flavour after it is taken out of the water. Absolute freshness is, in this case, a necessity. Here, again, the cost of postage has proved a very great deterrent.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Lady Enid Vane is reproduced on the first page of this issue of COUNTRY LIFE. Elder daughter of the Earl of Westmorland, she was married in 1914 to the late Captain the Hon. H. C. Vane, eldest son of the ninth Lord Barnard.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE announcement of the engagement of the Princess Mary to Viscount Lascelles has been received as joyfully as though she were the favourite daughter in every household of the Kingdom. During the trying times of the war no one endeared herself more to the soldiers, wounded and unwounded, than the young, beautiful and tender-hearted Princess. It is entirely in keeping with public sentiment that her choice should have fallen on a distinguished English soldier who belongs to an old county family. Though the Harewood Peerage is comparatively recent, the pedigree goes back to the fourteenth century. General satisfaction will be felt that no merely political union is contemplated, but a love marriage pure and simple. Its result cannot be other than a knitting more closely together of the King and his people. The marriage, of course, is not without its precedents. Two Scottish families, at any rate, are allied by marriage with the Royal Family; but, without instituting any comparisons, it can be said that the hold of the Princess Mary upon the love of her countrymen and countrywomen is unique. That is due in part to her own charm and amiability, but also to the exceptional and trying circumstances in which the public became familiar with her personality.

IT is very desirable that attention should be given to the great need of village public halls. In our pages this week the one at Iwerne Minster is described. No doubt, it would not be easy to find in every village landowners so liberal as Mr. Ismay and Mrs. Ismay, who have presented this club to the people, but the Association for Promoting the Building of Village Clubs is taking a very practical measure to lessen the furnishing and other costs. Lord Shaftesbury is the President of this body and the Acting Chairman is Sir Henry Rew, who has long been known as one of the most capable of the permanent officials of the Ministry of Agriculture. We are sure that he will be very willing to give his help and advice to any who are trying to get funds together for the purpose of erecting a village club.

IN the case of Iwerne Minster the cinema has proved a good revenue-getter. It is not new to the village, but has been going for a considerable time in the temporary premises which served as a club till the new one was built. Country people are passionately fond of the "movies," and many of them think there is no finer holiday than an excursion to the nearest town to see a popular film. The cinema has many good possibilities and it is also open to great abuse, partly because the Americans, who supply most of the films, lack the instinct for decency which we treasure in this country, and partly because their idea of fun is stereotyped and mechanical. We mention this, not for the purpose of finding fault with the Americans, but as a hint that those who help to get a cinema placed in a village hall should take care to see that the amusement gained from it is wholesome and intelligent. We cannot believe that the English notions of fun can only find expression

in some kind of "bedroom scene." There are surely plenty of laughable and yet wholesome stories that would delight the rustic mind if shown on the screen of a village hall.

THE Imperial War Graves Commission has given a sympathetic reception to the suggested addition of the age to the tombstones of the fallen. For this thanks are due to Lady Minto, who, with admirable clearness, explained why the age had particular value. When, a hundred or two hundred years after this, anyone goes to visit those graves, which should ever become more hallowed with the lapse of time, it will be most instructive to see that the whole manhood of England was called upon. Here are those who died in their teens; here are others who had passed maturity and even middle age and were verging on the patriarchal period. All who were fit and well were called upon to serve their King and country. It would also gratify the spectator to learn that the distinctions of war were earned as freely by the young as by the old and by every class. The Victoria Cross was awarded to boys of nineteen and to many who came from the foot of the ladder. Patriotism knows no distinction of age or class. It would certainly have been a great pity to omit the age from the tombstones, which, without it, would in a few years become meaningless.

CREATION.

God made a mighty sea,
That venturers might roam
Round the world from shore to shore,
And from home to home.
But He kept a tiny drop
So sparkling and blue,
Just to make a dimpled pool
For tiny things like you.

God made the ox for work,
The horse that man might ride
Into war, and back to peace
And round the countryside.
Mule and camel, ox and ass
All for toil He knew.
So He made a puppy dog
For tiny things like you.

God made the farming lands
That man might sow and reap
Red earth, and brown earth
And pasture for the sheep.
Mountainside and meadowland
Last of all He grew
Daisies and buttercups
For tiny things like you.

BARBARA E. TODD.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL would have to be consoled with, not congratulated, if his appointment as Lord Chamberlain carried with it the duty of acting as censor of plays. Fortunately this is not required. Mr. G. S. Street and Mr. Ernest Bendall will see to that, as they have done previously. The Duke of Atholl will have plenty of other work to do. We are sure he will do it well. As Marquess of Tullibardine and Member of Parliament for West Perthshire he was a pillar of the Conservative politicians. Shrewd, courteous, quick-witted, he showed what natural resources he had to call upon. During the war he won many distinctions, and he is still in the flower of "victorious middle age." We hope the Lord Chamberlain will still have time for his excellent work in forestry.

CONSUMERS should see to it that in these times they are not overcharged for fish. From enquiry of an East Coast fisherman we learn that one shilling and sixpence each is the price he receives for a lobster, whereas in one of the best known London shops the price of lobsters averages about six shillings each. A good sized one, weighing about one pound and three-quarters, is priced at ten shillings. It is only fair to say that in another shop the charge for a similar lobster was five shillings, or just

half of the other. The price obtained by the fisherman at the time of writing was two shillings and sixpence per stone for haddocks and cod, and our correspondent says that "this is the most we shall get, probably less, for all other sorts of fish." Now, it must be apparent to every intelligence that cheap fish at the present moment would be a very great blessing indeed, but if we take a popular shop, which has the name of being extremely reasonable, we find that for a great many fish the price per pound approximates to the price per stone received by the producer. In the case of red mullet and eels it is identical. These are each charged at two shillings and sixpence a pound. Turbot, brill, whitebait and smelts are two shillings a pound. It is very evident that if the postal rates were lowered, here is an excellent chance for cheapening a nourishing and palatable food.

FROM the early years of Victoria's reign there has been an annual award of a Royal gold medal on the nomination of the Royal Institute of British Architects, but that is a cosmopolitan medal, and, being "for the advancement of architecture," it has been, in some cases, awarded to those who were not actually practising architects. There is now to be another medal, to be awarded annually to the architect of the best building erected in London during the year. This will not bring about any vital change in the appearance of our streets, but it should prove a stimulus towards better work. Fine modern buildings are all too few, and when achieved (as, most notably, in the case of the COUNTRY LIFE building) they call for honour. Such honour will be accorded by the new medal, which is to embrace all classes of buildings, being awarded one year for the best shop or store, the next year for the best public building, the next year for the best block of flats, and so forth. And, in order that the award may be considered to be based on popular rather than exclusively professional appreciation, there will be a jury comprising laymen as well as architects. The proposal is one to be commended, not least because it is likely to bring about a wider public interest in architecture.

IF, as has been said, foreign opinion is the verdict of posterity, Sir James G. Frazer and Mr. Rudyard Kipling are assured of an immortal reputation. They were last week elected to honorary doctorates in the University of Paris. At the Sorbonne, where the ceremony took place, they were both received with a thunder of applause. The louder volleys were directed to Mr. Kipling, but that is to be explained very simply by the fact that stories and verse have more appeal to the general public than "The Golden Bough" and the other works by which Sir James Frazer has traced the passage of human thought from the first savage instincts and superstitions to the glorious triumphs of science in which intellectual progress has culminated. On the other hand, Mr. Kipling's position is of equal honour, but of a different kind. Who makes the songs of a people is greater than he who makes the laws, and Mr. Kipling has interpreted as no one has done the national feeling of more than one country. He has been, above all else, a diviner of popular tendency.

HUGO STINNES, who has been the unexpected guest of London during the present week, might be described as "Capital incarnate." Even America has not produced a greater business magnate. He is self-made, having started as a pitman, from which underground work he was promoted to attend to surface machinery. At twenty-one he had succeeded in getting into the company, and during the thirty years that have elapsed since then he has gone on enlarging his possessions. He is a director of companies which possess some fifty coal mines, seven iron mines, twenty steel and iron works. He owns cellulose and paper factories, with newspapers and printing works to use the products of his factories. In electricity, in shipping and in various companies that manufacture the plant needed for them he is a leading shareholder. He is, in fact, a successor of the mediæval baron bold, the only difference being that whereas their strength was founded on arms, his power is founded on industry. We must look to America

for the original, but copies of the character are spread as freely over the continent of Europe as were the fighting barons of the Middle Ages.

M. BRIAND'S speech at the Washington Conference is a fine example of sincere oratory. It was eloquent, but the speaker faced the facts himself and evidently brought them home to the other members of the Conference. The substance of it must appeal to all reasonable men. No reader of history can possibly believe that France could disband her armies to-day without losing all sense of security. Europe has not recovered equilibrium after the fever and excitement of the war. To expect that what was called at the Conference "moral disarmament" will take place in Germany is, frankly, to show an entire ignorance of human nature. There is no nation in the world which would not long for revenge after such a beating as Germany has received. France was not morally disarmed forty-four years after her defeat in 1870; besides, there is not only a Ludendorff in Germany to be taken into account, there is the Bolshevik Army in Russia to be thought of also.

MEZZOTINT.

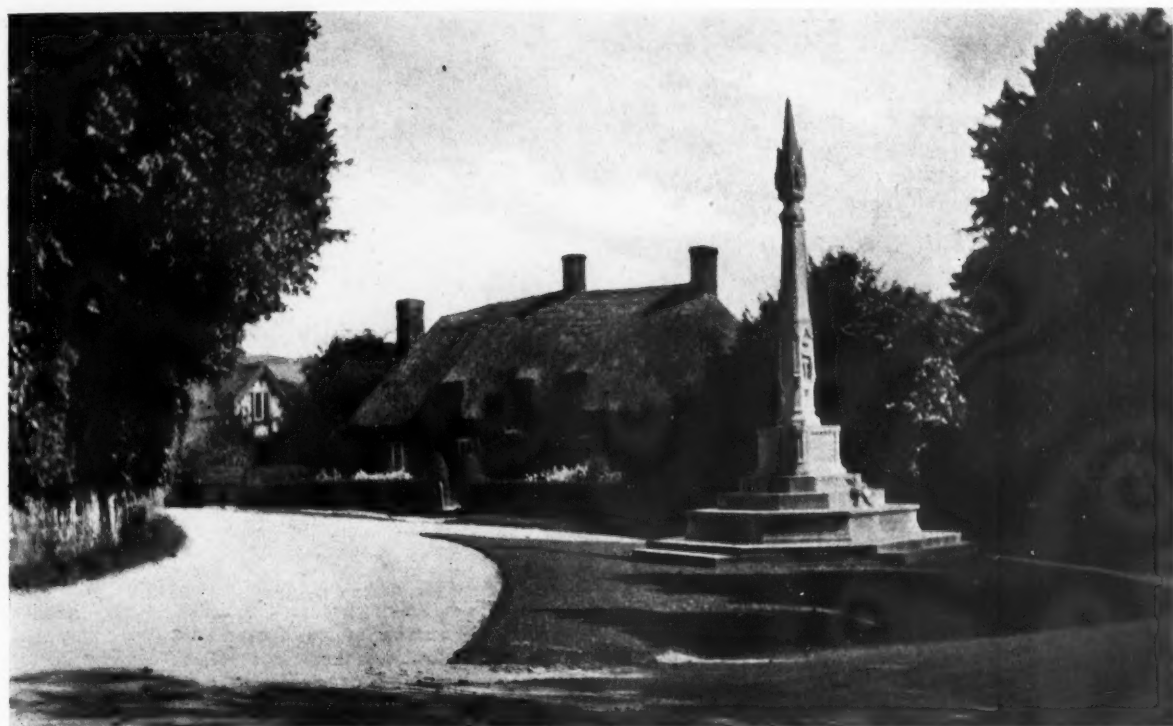
Not a breath
Stirs the shrouded trees
And the shrouded mere;
Not a word falls here,
Not a sigh, not a tear;
Very Death
Is not quiet as these.

ANGELA GORDON.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. G. BRUCE has had a life of stern preparation for the position of leader of the Mount Everest Expedition. While he was in the Gurkha Rifles he went through six different expeditions. He served in Egypt during the Great War and in the Dardanelles, where he was badly wounded. His great recreation has been found in travel and climbing. His book "Twenty Years in the Himalaya" tells a fine story of exploration, and when he was on leave he rejoiced in climbing in Switzerland, Wales and Scotland. He was a member of Sir Martin Conway's expedition in the Karakoram, which reached an altitude of over 23,000ft. on Pioneer Peak. He has been in climbing expeditions to Nanga Parbat in 1895, Upper Garwhal in 1897, in Kulu and Lahoul in 1912. One of his leading doctrines is that every soldier ought to be accustomed to climbing, and on the sides of Snowdon he gave lessons on the pastime in 1910. If all this does not constitute him a fit leader of the Everest Expedition, we do not know what would.

THE National Farmers' Union has been evolving a new policy, or, to speak more accurately, tinkering up the old one to meet the new conditions. Many of the details are admirable, but one doubts if they have adopted the most promising lines of activity. There are certain broad facts which show that there is unlimited scope for agricultural enterprise in Great Britain. No other country imports so much food, and it must happen that after the war there will be more and more difficulty in finding the money to pay farmers in other countries to do what should be done at home. During the great depression of the 'eighties the English farmer listlessly allowed the good wheat-growing soil to lapse back into rough pasture or even waste, and loudly complained that he was having a bad time. On the Continent a very similar problem had to be faced, and in little countries like Denmark and Belgium what seemed to be a misfortune was turned into a blessing. By examining the possibilities and directing great energy to the work of taking advantage of them agriculture began to flourish. The country population increased. With the increase of country population industrialism flourished also. Large countries like Germany and France worked on the same lines and met the situation of the day by improving their methods and seeking out profitable crops to grow.

VILLAGE HALLS AND VILLAGE LIFE



THE MEMORIAL CORNER.

THERE were great doings at Iwerne Minster on Thursday, November 17th. What gave occasion to them was the opening of a new village hall, built and presented to the community by Mr. James Ismay. It is a building excellent without and within, homely, already old-looking, and more inviting in appearance with conveniences as plentiful and good as those of a town club. Placed as it is between the venerable and dignified Minster and an ancient grey house with the flint walls characteristic of the district, the invitation challenged the architect to produce something not unworthy of the company it was to enjoy. Not unworthy either of the little green hills, the fells with their tawny woods and dells, that insist that the characteristic charms of Dorset and Devon must be duly considered. Mr. Baillie Scott has done his work with sympathy and understanding, and the hall, in a place which seems to have been designed for it, will remain a treasured possession of the community. No greater praise can be given than to say it is worthy of the Memorial Cross, which, in its exquisite proportions, has a slender and wistful grace that is most appealing. It has been presented to the village with a frank confidence as well as generosity. No barrier or guard of iron or other rails has been placed around it. There it stands in the centre of the grassy triangle

where a lane falls into the high road. On it are engraved with loving detail all the particulars of each of those who fell in the war: age, rank, regiment, place of death. Long hence after this, when the Great War has become a thing of the dim past, the veriest rustic who stops to read the inscriptions will realise the effort England put forth, since war claimed so many in this village—and the village is but one that speaks for all. He will see that youths not out of their teens were called and fell, and side by side with them are commemorated men in the full maturity of their years. The names of the places where they fell will show how far the struggle raged. Mentioned on the shaft are the Somme, Italy, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Palestine and India. One can, in the mind's eye, behold him, in a century not yet unfolded, studying these records and using them

as small but precious material on which to build a knowledge of the war. To return to the club, the object of Mr. and Mrs. Ismay in building it was explained in a single but happy phrase used by the former when acknowledging the thanks of those present. "We hope," he said, "that the village club will enable you to pass through life a little more pleasantly"—a modest and fine phrase which gives a clue to the movement. The aim is to lessen the dullness of the country. Some will retort at once that the country isn't dull, and a great deal can be said in



W. Selfe.

THE WAR OFFICE.

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During the war Mr. Ismay used to hang up important telegrams on the village pump. These continued to be so popular after the war that he built the shelter shown in the illustration. The villagers immediately dubbed it the "War Office." Note the very up-to-date Mercury, who has evidently studied wireless.

favour of that, but this is no place to argue the question. He would be a curmudgeon who used an opinion like that as a reason for not increasing the innocent pleasures of the village.

There is a certain amount of education in the mere bringing together of men and women in the same village club. For one thing, your rustic, left to himself, is apt to become a little careless, even slovenly, in his dress and appearance; but if he is going to meet women at his village club, if he is going to dance with them, to have one for a partner in a whist drive, the fact will urge him to wash and even change his dress, and that little difference often carries with it a complete change of spirit. He falls into holiday mood and thereby all unconsciously attains to rest of a peculiarly refreshing kind. Polite intercourse with the oppo-



THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

The door on the right opens into one of the dressing-rooms.



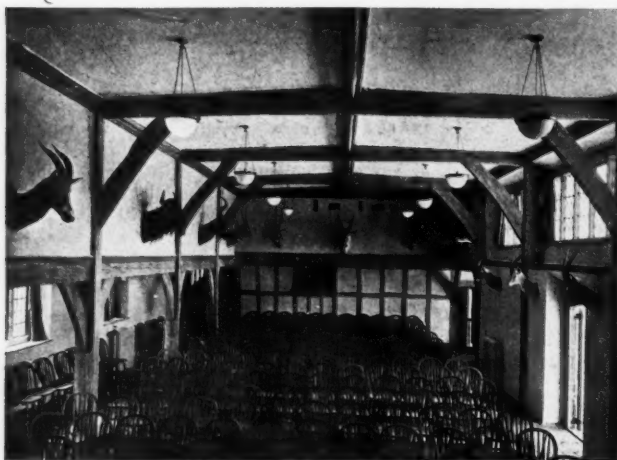
THE WEST ELEVATION.

The space in front has been sown with grass with the intention to make it into a bowling green later.

site sex is itself a civilising influence. Equal advantages will be enjoyed by the women. The club is one for both men and women, it being considered that the one sex will exercise a beneficial influence over the other. If your rustic has a fault, it is that he has a tendency to become *negligé* in his hours of leisure, but he will brush himself up and look his best when he is not only going to meet his feminine friends in the club, but choose some of them for partners in his

games. These are numerous and varied. Some of the ideas are only in the germ, but most of them will no doubt be carried out successfully. Indoors there is a billiard-room which would not discredit any country mansion—a full-sized table and the solid and strong furniture which is used throughout the club. It opens into a small but highly convenient room for cards and other games. Women members have a little sitting-room for themselves, very comfortable, furnished with lavatories and other conveniences. There is also provision for a miniature rifle range in the shape of an underground gallery.

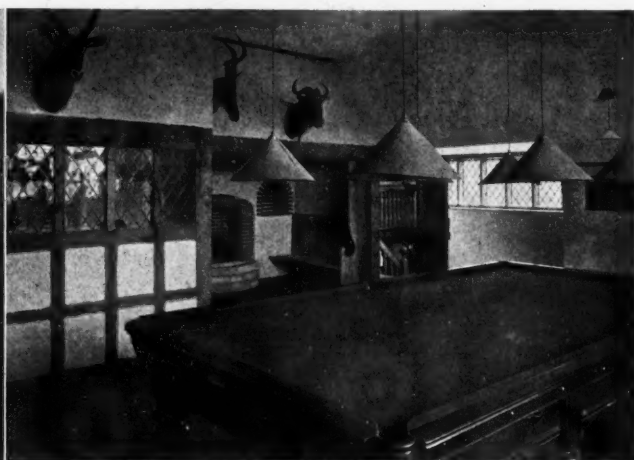
The glory of the club is in its large hall. It is fitted up as a picture palace, and it would appear as if the "movies" were almost necessary agents for the maintenance of the club. They are very popular, and in temporary premises yielded a solid revenue. It is proposed to have two cinema nights in the week. The cinema is a beautiful invention, and we are sure that the management of the club will use it for the education and refinement of the villagers as well as for their amusement. The danger always is that the latter consideration should be given greater weight, and, of course, in that event, reliance must be placed upon the American film. Now there are two objections to this: one is that, in plain English, many of them introduce "bedroom scenes" too freely. We are sure that a village club is never likely to abuse a fine invention in that kind of way; but there is something almost worse than corruption that comes from the film, and that is softening of the brain, which must be a consequence if there is too much indulgence in those so-called "funny" film plays from the other side of the Atlantic, in which the "fun" is entirely machine-made and consists almost invariably in the introduction of running motors, trains and horses, with hoboos and other tramps as adjuncts. The British makers must set their wits to work to produce more intelligent laughter. They should study



W. Selfe.

THE LARGE HALL.

For cinemas, lectures and dancing.



THE BILLIARD ROOM.

This opens into a small room for cards and other quiet games.

Copyright.



BAY HOUSE.

A very characteristic bit of old Dorset.



THE VILLAGE INN.

Observe the very heraldic talbot on the signpost.

the effect produced by native talent. There was at the opening meeting a village genius who was promptly named "George Robey." His natural drollery and human feeling produced roars of laughter from the audience, who, when they come to think of it, will learn to distinguish between the natural humour of this village "Robey" and the mechanical humour which is all that the American film can yield. It must not be thought, however, that inside amusements are the chief feature in the village club. On the contrary, it is a centre for the fine and healthy pastimes for making bone and muscle. It is hoped that it will become the headquarters of every combination connected with sport—football, cricket, bowling, lawn tennis and so on. Nor are the mental needs of the population neglected. There has been a very skilful selection of lecturers on subjects relating to country life. We hope this feature will be carried out as faithfully as it has been planned, and that, without being turned into an academy, the club will be an agency whereby the villager will be kept in touch not only with the news of the day, but with the new movements, developments of science and other changes preparatory to that new age to which we are all looking forward.

One could not have had a better opportunity for studying the aims of those who are supporting the movement to establish a club in every village. There were present at the opening meeting those who originated and those who carried out the idea. In the first place, there was Mr. Ismay, who does not, it is true, devote much time to theory, but when he grasps a doctrine is swift to put it into practice. He has given a token of his earnestness in the most practical way—by providing a club for this little village which is very near, perhaps, being the best, though one does not like to use an adjective which invites odious comparisons. We have already quoted the phrase in which he said that his hope was only that the club would enable those for whom it was designed to pass through life a little more pleasantly. Among the visitors was the Earl of Shaftesbury, who is President of the

Association for Promoting the Building of Village Clubs. With him was Sir Henry Rew, who is the Chairman of the Association. Their aim, like that of Mr. Ismay, is to lighten the dullness of village life. Lord Shaftesbury is a very good instrument himself for producing that effect. He has the country air and the country tradition, and with them a love of music, a sense of humour, and a fine tenor voice which enables him to render Old English songs, to say nothing of those of foreign composition, with sympathy and pleasure. It was very evident that when he sang, as he did, "Annie Laurie," he carried the villagers off their feet. They applauded all the songs he sang, but they thundered their applause for this, evidently discerning that it was a great favourite with the singer himself and that consequently he rendered it with a special loving fulness. Now, for the purpose of this argument, the Earl of Shaftesbury is classed among native talent. Those who are like him in possessing a fine gift for music, or indeed for anything else, would help the movement very much by giving the clubs in which they are interested occasional opportunities of hearing them. Lord Shaftesbury is an example in this respect, so that the hint is not addressed to him. Then the management of the club ought to keep a very keen eye open for the development of any original talent among the people of any class in the neighbourhood. In that way they might not only secure a considerable amount of enjoyment for themselves and their contemporaries, but also assist in the development of boys and girls who possess useful talents which, without a little encouragement, would remain hidden and undeveloped. Every village has its clever characters of this kind. Lord Shaftesbury himself, when told of the village "George Robey," said he had at home a "Harry Lauder"—that the people knew him by this title. It comes natural to think of singing as the pre-eminent gift of Nature, but it should never be forgotten that there are many others, and that a club could assist at the birth of a genius as well as doing other things.



W. Selfe.

COTTAGES ON THE BLANDFORD ROAD.

Copyright.

Another interesting guest was Sir Henry Rew, the Chairman of the Association. He takes a more sober view of the possibilities that are opened out by the introduction of club life into the village. For one thing, it almost abolishes what are supposed to be the essential differences between town and country. Probably, if you asked an intelligent ploughman, he would at once say that he liked to go to the little market town occasionally to see the "pictures." Well, the pictures at Iwerne are to be seen just as well as they are in London; in fact, better, because they are closer at hand, and when they are over the man and his wife, if he has one, can go back to the cottage and discuss the merits of the entertainment over their supper. Another disadvantage of the country, which used to be talked a great deal about, has been practically removed. This is remoteness from news. In point of fact, the village is as well informed as the town about the events that are happening the world over. The wireless and the ocean cables pour news into Fleet Street and the provincial counterparts of Fleet Street, whence they are disseminated all over the country. Some of the Dorset villages are as well informed as the towns, and in many cases better, because the slower intellect of the dweller in Arcadia is compensated for by a grasp and tenacity not to be found among the dwellers in cities. To have all the amenities of the town in any country place is a great advantage, but to have them in Dorset and to recall one of the most beautiful, because most accurate, descriptions of it: "A County of moods and changes, full of hills, downs, heaths, woods and streams,"

is to say that there can be no better place for living anywhere. It is impossible to exaggerate the good effect which this Club and others like it must exercise upon village life. It brings the natives into contact with one another on terms of equality. Not always an easy thing to do! There are grades in the village as there are grades in the town—difference in caste between upper and under that are not easily got over. There are other differences, such as those belonging to religion, politics and trade. The Club, as a club, concerns itself with none of these things, except so far as that opinion is not to be a bar to membership. The idea is that by engaging in the same games and amusements, listening to the same speeches and exchanging views, better understanding may be arrived at between those in whom seclusion naturally breeds prejudice and intolerance. Within the doors of the Club the members will, as it were, be of the same family. It could neither be expected nor desired that they should not have differences and express them. There will assuredly be arguments on every possible kind of subject. So long as these are kept within the bounds of a moderate courtesy they are all to the good. They cannot but clarify the mind of those who engage in them. Participation in organised games, or even in such an amusement as dancing, tends to produce the same effect. It leads to a more intimate knowledge and respect among those who are separated by differences of conviction. Even work in the field will be sweetened by intercourse at the Club. A man will naturally be friendlier with fellow workers with whom he has been at play the night before.

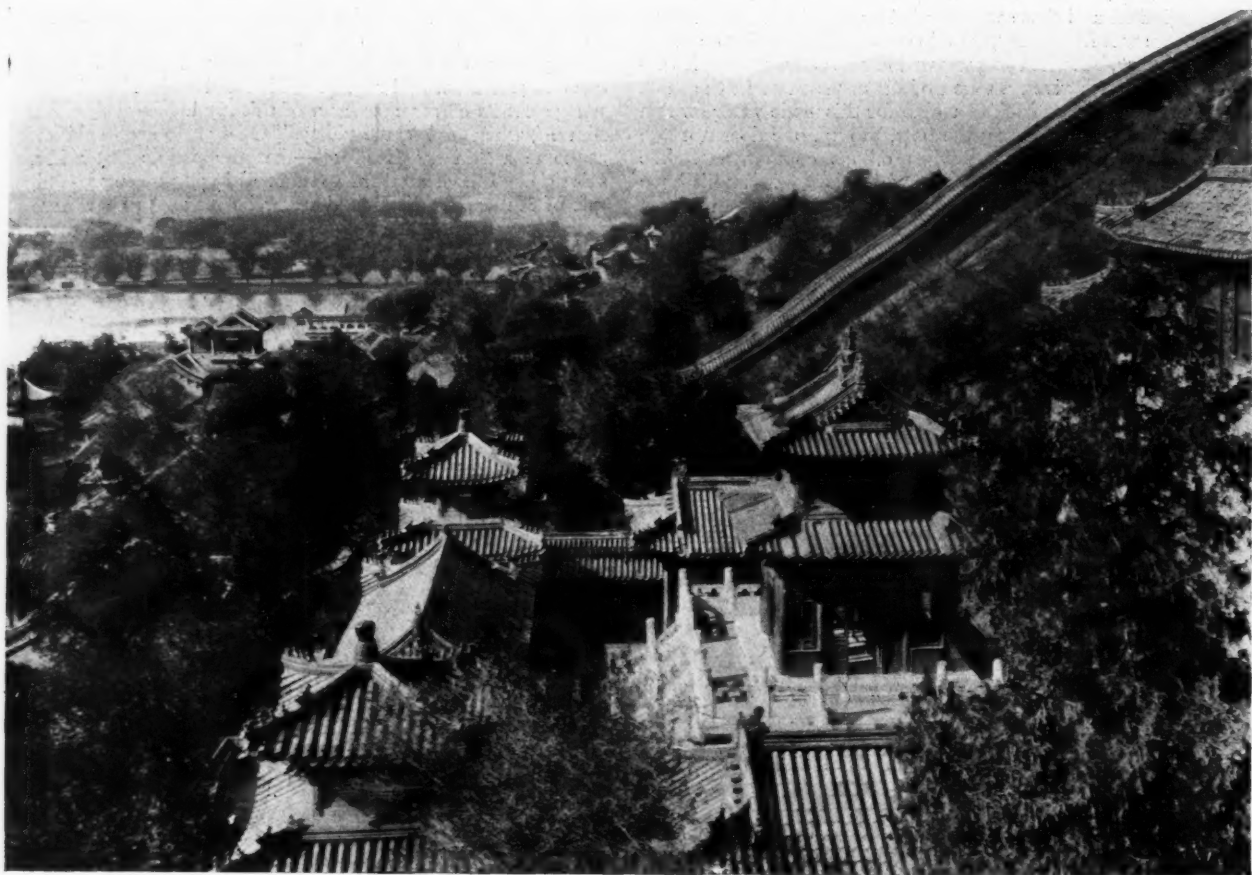
P. A. G.

THE ARTISTIC CONCEPTIONS OF CHINA

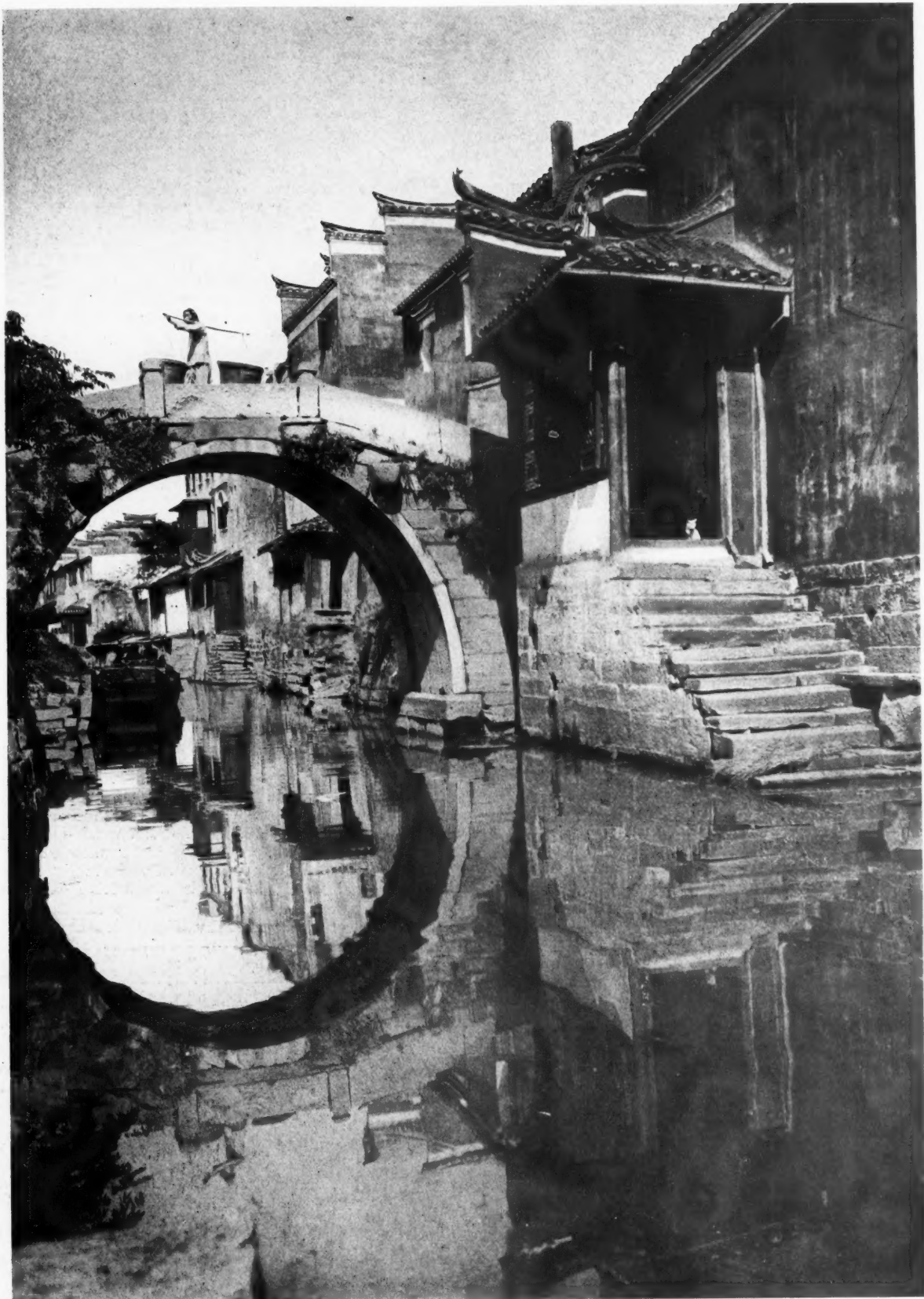
By B. LENOX SIMPSON, ADVISER TO THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

IF it is true that all art is an interpretation of life, then the Chinese have certainly evolved in their architecture, as in their other creations, a peculiarly individual view of things. It is, in fact, solely from the point of view which they have deliberately adopted—that everything in accordance with Nature is right—that we can understand the meaning which they seek to convey. Thus Chinese architecture sets out not to contradict the landscape but to supplement it. Native

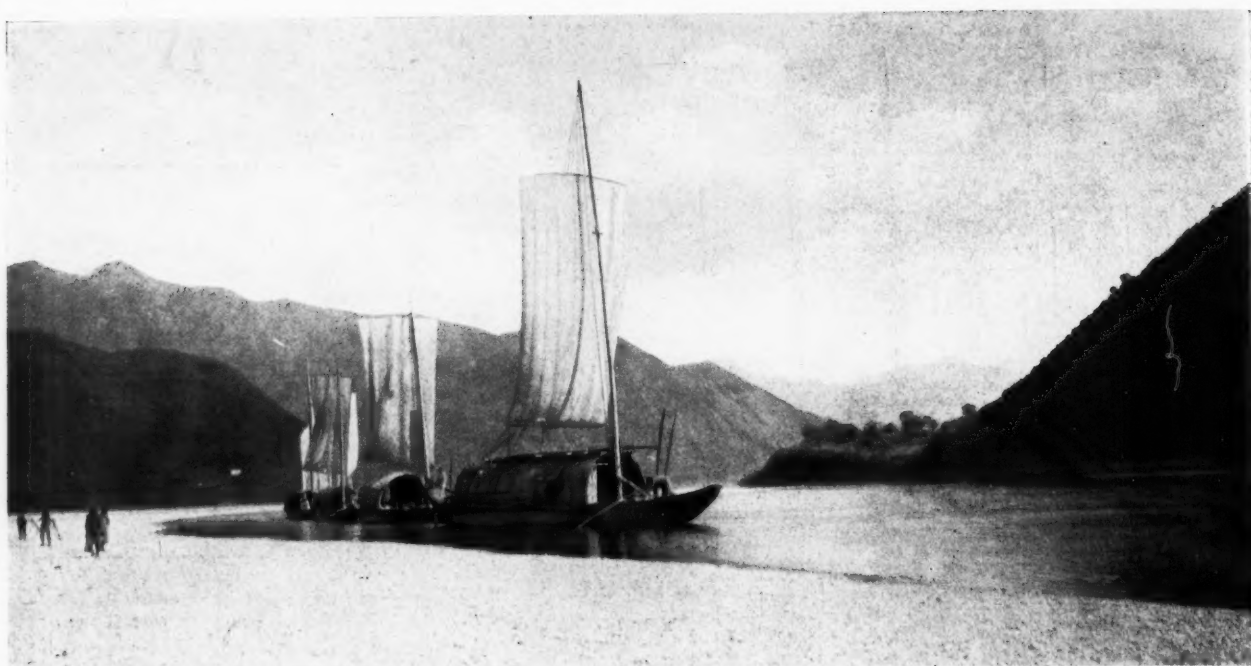
architects, when they choose sites for their works, are very careful to act in such a way as to enhance the decoration which Nature affords them by her own subtle methods. Chinese roofs, like Chinese buildings, are designed to fit in with groves of trees and a mountainous or undulating background; they do not seek to dominate, but merely to add a personal note. This is the first thing that strikes the observant eye when a journey is made to any of the great national pilgrimages such as



THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKING.



NAZIANG BRIDGE.



ON THE CHIANTANG RIVER.

the lake scenery and temples around Hangchow. There the temples and old Imperial residences by their colour scheme seem to fit into nooks left vacant for them purposely, so that the adornment which they give may accentuate the natural beauties, but in no sense overshadow them.

In Peking Chinese architecture has another note. Here we find Tartar and Central Asian influences mixed with Persian and Arab designs. There is a solidity, mixed with the adoption of alien forms, which are hardly ever seen in Central and South China. The Peking palaces, for instance, show that the Chinese artists struggle to reproduce, in forms familiar to them, models which have been brought from very different climes. It is a well known fact that the Yellow Palace roofs are supposed to represent the great tents which the Mongols brought with them in their conquests and which were of such immense size that hundreds of men could find shelter beneath their domes. The richness of the window designs in all Peking architecture and the daring colours used tell again of other influences. The Peking windows are clearly borrowed from Persia, while the colouring owes a great deal to the influence of the Khanates of Central Asia, which for centuries acknowledged the overlordship of China. We thus find visitors to the northern capital are constantly overcome with amazement that such an un-Chinese city should represent the highest architecture which the country has ever known.

When we come to the natural beauties of China, here again there is the same great variety. The vast gorges of the Upper Yangtse River are quite unlike anything else in the country. Immense cliffs towering three and four thousand feet high overlook the river and possess a wildness and a majesty which is unknown elsewhere in the country. The great northern plains, through which several railways now run, seem to speak of the immensity of China, whereas the narrow paddy fields and small creeks of South China indicate the cramped outlook which over-population inevitably entails. Certain art forms in China are beloved, however, far and wide and are common to all parts of the country. Full-moon bridges, for instance, are met with everywhere; so are the mythical animals, resembling the gargoyles of Europe, which adorn the roofs. It requires a visit and a personal inspection to realise how much less defiant nature and art appear to be in the Far East than in Europe, and how much more subtle are the colouring and the forms. There is all the difference in the world between a Ming painting and a Turner landscape, although both are concerned with the portrayal of nature. It is these half-tones which one finds so plentifully in China which interpret the people best. They make them appear far more hesitant and far less assertive than their brothers in the West, which is actually the case—and which, indeed, is the keynote of all their differences.



SUNGKIANG WATERGATE.

WHY WE ALL LOVE OUR DOGS

"WHY is it," I asked one of my oldest friends, "that we get so fond of dogs?" He answered, with the readiness of long-thought-out conviction, "Because they never talk." It is reason good, though cynical; and if we reflect upon it I believe we shall have to concede it much truth. Gauge and analyse a moment the value of a dog's companionship—a good and faithful dog. I am presuming that he does not "talk," by which I mean bark at inconvenient moments. For we touch here at once the relative weakness of human comradeship. The human comrade, even the dearest, is apt to talk when you had rather he (or even, it is conceivable, she) were silent. Therefore you are never so completely alone, to follow your own train of thought, with the human as with the canine friend. Even if the human do not interrupt, you are subconsciously aware, all the while, of his (or, again, her) proneness to interrupt; and that subconsciousness itself is an interruption.

But you will have criticised long before this my friend's reason, particularly in its setting here amid these "speaking" canine faces. "Not talk!" "Cannot they talk—those alert eyes and ears?" After all, muteness, though

whom he has seen only five minutes before, he is never quite satisfied till he has had his nose well up against him and taken a good, grateful and comforting sniff. He knows it is all right then, and so long as the nose tells him it is right the master may camouflage himself up in any masquerade dress. He does not judge by the eye, but nasally.

He cannot talk with his nose, but with his eyes, ears eyebrows, tail, mouth, tongue—almost every other inch of him except his nose—he can. And the merit of his talk—that



"YOUNG AND SO FAIR."



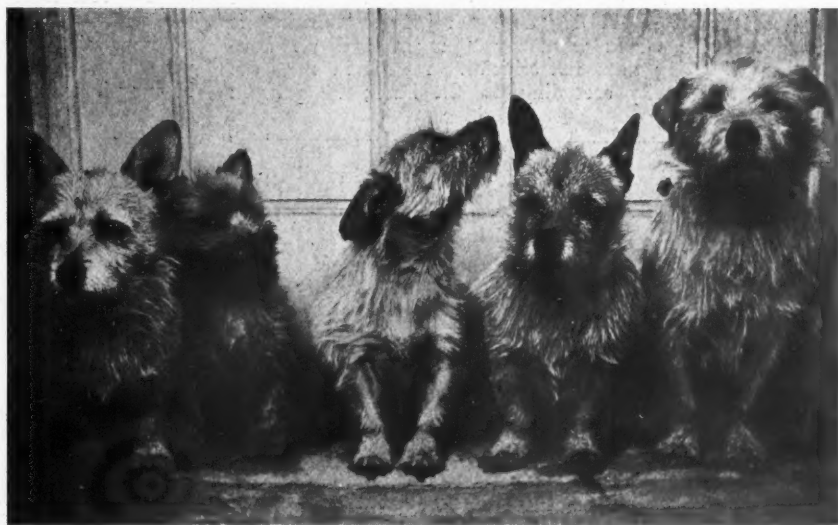
OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

a virtue at times in a comrade, is a negative virtue at best. My friend's account of the canine value was incomplete. If your dog never interrupts, he equally never fails in response. Give him but a word, half a whistle, and you have the cocked ear, the lifted eyebrow in reply. Only look towards him, and it is enough: he will send you back a smile, in his own manner, in return. Oh, he can talk.

This particular mode of alertness, with the sideways cocked head, that two of our pictures show is, I think, an aural interruption: "What was that you said?" Occasionally you may get this sideways cock in order to look the better at an object, especially when it is a small object very near, because a dog's eyes are not set so perfectly in front of its face that it can easily see a very near object with both at once. But I take it that usually this cock of the head is an instinctive movement to get the ear at just the best possible angle for identifying a sound. Of course, the real identification organ with the dog is not the ear nor the eye, but the nose. We cannot doubt that. Even of a master



THE COMING GENERATION OF THE YORK AND AINSTRY.



H. Lazenby.

SOME STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

Copyright.



"WHAT CAN THAT BE?"



SHOCK-HEADED PETER.



"I POSE!"

which makes him a companion so beyond compare—is that he never says the wrong thing. You can be certain of him, as you can of no human friend, not even the dearest. He will never say a thing that jars. He will never contradict. He will be disobedient, at times, of course—that is another story, concerned with another side of your relations, in which he is obliged to learn, if there is to be harmony, that his is "to do

or die," not to "question why." But that relation does not interfere with that other relation in which you are on perfect equality, as friends. And that is the relation I am thinking of.

He will not contradict; and, better, he will not criticise. Criticism is fatal to sympathy, and his sympathy is the most perfect of its kind in all the world—far above possibility that he should criticise. You

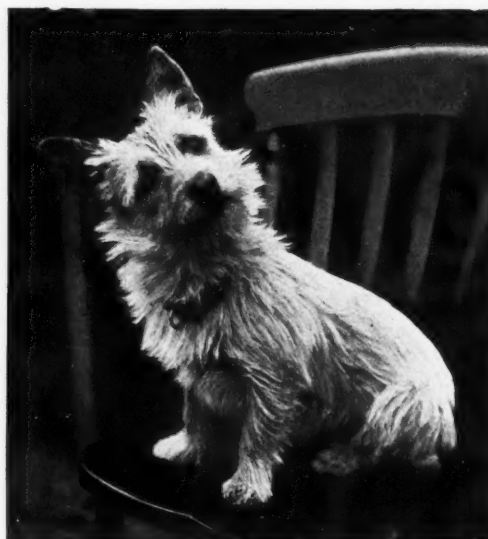
are his all-perfect and almighty god. You need not deify yourself very mightily by virtue of this, for the dog of Bill Sikes, burglar by trade and murderer on occasion, has the identical estimate of B. S. as your dog of you. The notion that a dog is a good judge of character is a pleasant fiction of the poets. A dog does not judge. "Critic" is nothing but the Greek word for "judge," and we have said that the dog does not criticise. He is, in fine, the very soul of charity according to St. Paul; he judgeth

not and is kind, long-suffering, incapable of thinking evil, and so on.

I am saying that "a dog" does this and that as if I imagined that all were made to a type. I know they are not. They are entirely individual, very different one from the other, and it is notable how early, in what extreme puppyhood, the difference of nature appears. We see it in human babies, too. But



"PLEASE!"



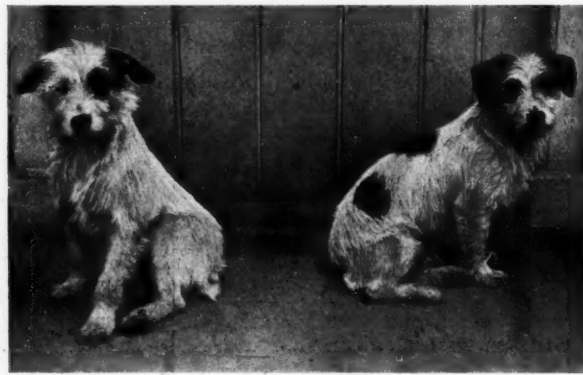
"I BEG YOUR PARDON!"

human babies, mercifully, do not come in litters. There is not so much wonder, perhaps, that a baby born to-day should differ so much in character from a baby born of the same parents a year back. But in puppies it happens that those of the same litter differ extraordinarily. They differ even in the first days of their life, with an innate difference. They are brought up, during the impressionable age, together, and under the same influences, yet still the difference persists, perhaps grows. Look at these in our pictures; they are ranged up for the camera shot; a



H. Lazenby.

THREE'S COMPANY.



TWO'S NONE.

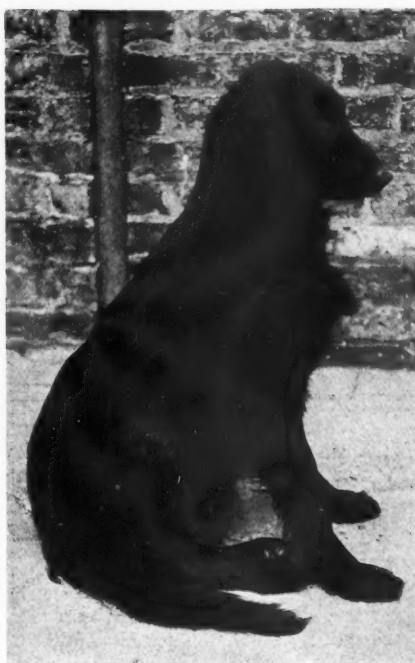
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signal is given, to make them look their best when the shutter goes; it is the same signal—we suppose it to strike each canine ear identically—yet what a difference there is in the response! One is aroused to a fever of eagerness, another has the air of a bored Gallio, and there is a gamut of expressions between. Dogs have their individuality, strongly marked and maintained lifelong and in all circumstances, but there remains, besides, a certain "greatest common measure" of dog nature which all share, and it is that that I am talking about.

Maeterlinck is the man who ought to be writing this, or something a very great deal better than this. He knew his dogs, and it needs a man with a poet's imagination to get all that there is to be known and felt out of friends, be they dog friends or human.

It is rather curious that in these pictures, which are particularly descriptive of canine expression, not many show the very outline of that feature of expression which is peculiarly canine and not human at all—the tail. Presumably we, or our forbears, had it once. It is interesting to speculate how it might have modified our manners had we retained it. Unquestionably it is a speaking appendage, yet it is difficult to say under what control we might have held it. Talleyrand's view was that language was given man to conceal his thought. Might it, had caudal circumstances been a little different, have been possible to use a human tail effectively for this great purpose of concealment, or should we, while expressing, orally, to the bore who is asking us to dine, our profound regret that we have an engagement for that evening, be "given away," to our undoing, by a tail unfortunately wagging behind for sheer joy at escaping from his boredom?

It is human to deceive; it is not canine. At least, deception is a rare canine villainy. Now and then your best dog may play



"IN A CONTEMPLATIVE FASHION."

the villain and come to you and pretend that he is a saint. He is not all saint. If he were, we could hardly bear with him. He would be too angelic for our poor company and would be a tacit conscience smiter at every moment. I think that he is even human enough to see a joke. Sometimes he will develop a trick of curling back his lips over his grinders that looks as if he were actually, and humanly, grinning. But the sense of humour is ever an evasive and difficult quality. We shall all agree that he can enjoy a game—any game, "from pitch and toss to manslaughter."

He is curiously and discriminatingly magnanimous, for he, a big dog of dignity, will endure, equably, immense impudences from a little dog. Thus he shows greatness of soul. But also, if he see you, his master, chastising one of his own kith and kin, he is most likely to join in the fun by flying at, not you, the chastiser, but his own brother whom you are afflicting.

That is all in his code of honour and his religion; for you are more than his feudal lord; you are his god, and, of divine right, can do no wrong. And you may receive this certainty into your soul and be humble and ashamed in the conviction that no matter what you do, how miserably you demean yourself according to your own, perhaps none too exalted, standard of right conduct, your dog friend will not blame you. From the pedestal to which his worship has exalted you you cannot debase yourself, no matter what croppers you come in the estimate of your human friends and of yourself. His sad eyes will grieve with you, if you are in grieving mood, for his moods are yours, but they will not reproach you. You may change your religion, your politics—it will make no change in him towards you. He will but change too. I begin to think I see some answer to my question, why we get so fond of dogs. Since they give us so very much, we should be ungrateful knaves if we did not.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE SOCIETY OF WOOD ENGRAVERS

THIS Society, which was founded in 1920, has just opened its second annual exhibition at the Chenil Gallery in the King's Road, Chelsea, and lovers of prints will find it no less interesting, and even more varied, than the first. There are engravers in England, as in France, where the art flourishes exceedingly, who have adopted the popular style and produce woodcuts somewhat in the manner of the children's books of a hundred years ago. Such a production as Mr. Ethelbert White's hand-coloured "Gentleman Farmer," with the stiff top-hatted rider and the dog prancing on all fours in air well above the conventional foreground plants, is at first sight amusing, but an experiment that will hardly bear the test of long acquaintance. His "Flour Mill," on the other hand, like "The Farm," which has been shown elsewhere already, is a remarkably fine composition in black and white, with strong, clear masses logically built up and disposed, entirely satisfactory as a pattern, and free from any such eccentricities of technique as the "lozenge and brick" shading, imitated from one of the least happy intentions of the long defunct line engravers on copper, which is to be found in another of Mr. White's contributions, "Morning." He is distinctly one of the most promising of this year's new recruits to the society. Among the senior members Mr. Gordon Craig sends several notable woodcuts, including specimens of such widely different kinds as "Girl with a Stick," where a few very simple white lines tell effectively against a broad dark tint, and "Hommage à Jacques Callot," a delicate, tiny composition in black line upon white paper, which we have seen before in the shape of an etching in which the influence of Callot himself was even more apparent. Mr. Pissarro's woodcuts, including such a charming colour-print as "The Railway Line (Snow)," have been seen and admired before. Mr. Sydney Lee is an engraver of great versatility. "The Little House in the Wood" will give most pleasure to those who like finish and elaboration. More remarkable, in my opinion, are the pair of little prints called "Peasants' Procession at Evelena" (Nos. 1 and 2), recording vividly in a picturesque scheme of black and white a charming and original subject. The same artist's "The Wave" is an ambitious and elaborate fantastic landscape not quite successfully realised. Mr. Gibbings has nothing quite so interesting as his "Clear Waters" of last year. "House Painters," his best print this

time, illustrates again his cleverness in suggesting, by the contour of some neighbouring object, outlines of a human figure which do not actually exist. Mr. John Nash's "Cottage Interior" is a pleasant study in still life, rendering skilfully the reflected light on a polished table. Mr. Paul Nash's landscapes (Nos. 34 and 35) will, I fear, be considered by the average person rather crazy. Mr. Eric Gill sends several new wood engravings of curious inspiration, and queerly named, but technically very perfect indeed. "On the Tiles" is perhaps the best; the subject is not a nocturnal serenade by Grimalkin, but something very different indeed—a woman seated, with head bowed between her arms, exquisitely drawn in fine white lines upon black. Very beautiful also, in the manner of early mediæval sculpture, is his "Lion (She loves me not)."

If some of these designs, abstract or enigmatical, are a little beyond the comprehension of the average person, there is no lack of simpler, more popular and obviously charming prints to suit the taste of the visitor who "knows what he likes" and does not much care what he ought to. Some of these are the work of outsiders, for the Society does not confine admission to its walls to the work of members, and, indeed, this year's catalogue draws no distinction between members and other contributors. Mr. Greenwood's "John Atherton's Mill," "Fore-shadow of Storm," by the well known etcher, Mr. W. P. Robins; "Mountain Road," by Mrs. Raverat; Miss Vivien Gribble's "The Split Willow"; the colour print, "The Pine Wood," by Miss Mary Berridge; and "The Valley without a name," by Mr. P. Hagreen, are all subjects which should appeal to lovers of landscape. Lovers of birds who do not insist that they should be presented quite as the camera shows them will be amused by the compositions of Mr. Daglish and Mr. Palliser.

Collectors and picture buyers are still hardly awake to the fact that woodcuts are not merely illustrations to books, but may be prints produced independently as prints by artists who prefer that mode of expressing themselves to etching, and that they are at least as effective as etchings for the purpose of decoration on the walls of rooms and, incidentally it may be remarked, much cheaper. A visit to this exhibition should do much to prove that wood engraving is a process very well worth reviving and deserving of all encouragement. CAMPBELL DODGSON.



ROWFANT is a relic of the age of the small squire which intervened between the feudal times and the age of Queen Anne. It was in all things the most national and individual age. During that time the country was covered with small manor houses. There were nine besides Rowfant in this parish of Worth alone. Many have passed away, many have sunk into farmhouses, some have expanded into great mansions, a few are left in their dignified simplicity to tell of the days that are no more.

Down to 1845 Rowfant had changed but little, though the eighteenth century remodelled the west front and turned the moat into a little lake, which breathes the influence of Capability Brown. Three families had held it—families of ancient pedigree, but undistinguished in history. They lived the country gentleman's life, did the business of the district, married into neighbouring families, wrote stately and meticulous wills full of pious sentiments; they left their records in the church and on boards recording bequests to the poor of the parish. Undistinguished men they were no doubt, and yet it was they and such as they who fought the battle of freedom and independence in the country.

Here at Rowfant they were content with the little home one of the first of them had built, and the south front at least remains to this day perfect and unchanged.

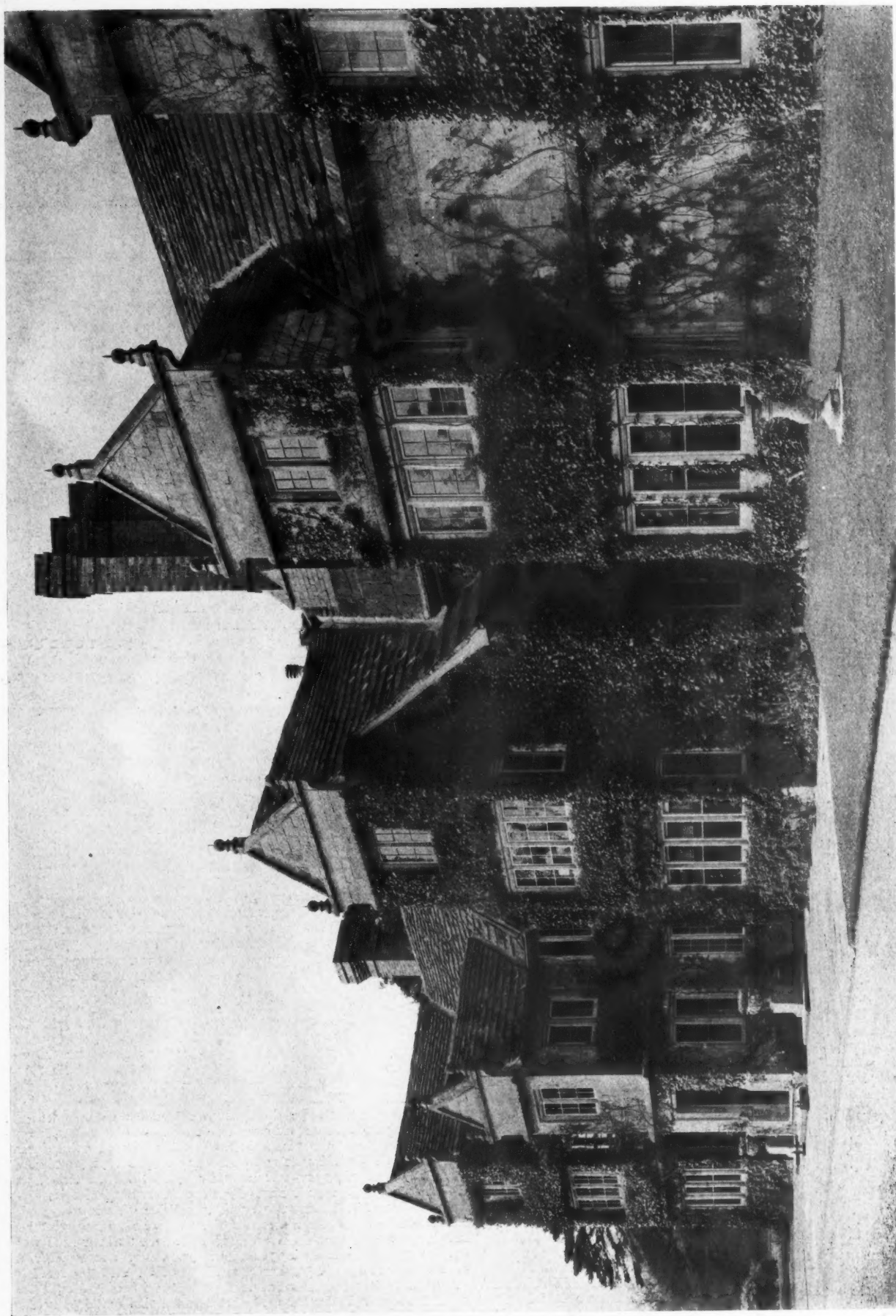
In 1848 the place was acquired by Sir Curtis Lampson and its history passes out of the old groove. His changes were, however, conservative. He replaced the eighteenth century west front with a line of Tudor gables in red brick. His work is open to criticism in detail, but it has a flavour of real Tudor work and is altogether pleasant and harmonious. A great feat considering the period in which it was done. Above all, it preserves the scale of the building. On the south front he took an old building which stood a little to the east and converted it into a billiard-room, joining it to the house with an open colonnade, and here again he was successful in preserving the scale of the building.

The internal work was probably not so good. Of it the dining-room alone remains, and that has the mechanical clumsiness which marks the work of the time.

So far the spirit and scale of the place was not much changed. Since then the colonnade has been replaced by a block of buildings. It is admirably done as a copy of the old work. You can hardly believe that it is new, and it is amply justified by the additional comfort and dignity it provides internally in the noble great chamber it adds to the old low rooms. And yet in the eyes of the student it is a little sad, for it detracts from the harmony and completeness of the old front which the colonnade left unimpaired and alters the scale of the house. Still, if the house is regarded as a home which reflects the changing conditions of those who have inhabited it, this change of scale is justified as marking the change in the type of ownership before and since 1848.

But the old south front is still there unchanged and complete. It is a perfect specimen of the small Elizabethan manor house. The charm of the builders of that time was, I think, that they built to tradition rather than in conscious imitation. They adapted some ornaments from their not very profound knowledge of the Renaissance classicism. But the principles of their style came from their Gothic tradition. And because later Gothic was purely English their style remained purely English, though as time went on it felt foreign influences more and more, until in the eighteenth century the architectural world became self-consciously imitative and made its work an academic effort to reproduce the Italian style. In Italy alone was the lead of the Renaissance followed logically, because there Gothic had never been more than an accident and had never really become a tradition. In France, Flanders and Germany Gothic tradition largely dominated the Renaissance impulse, but the result was different to the result of the same cause in England, because there the development of Gothic was to the flamboyant style. Thus the architecture of those countries showed the mark of the predominance of the vertical





"COUNTRY LIFE."

2—FROM THE SOUTH.

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Copyright.

3.—ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

line. The principle of our own English Perpendicular lay in the almost equal accentuation of the horizontal and vertical line. This is not the place for a disquisition on the effect of this principle on English architecture, fascinating as the subject is; but Rowfant is an admirable example of the fact. There

the horizontal line is so clearly marked that it produces the calm dignity which makes it a home of peace, while in its deep recessing and the spacing of the windows topped with its quaint gables you find the vertical line clearly expressed, giving it picturesqueness and saving it from the dulness and monotony



Copyright.

4.—THE WITHDRAWING ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which are the pitfall of the horizontal line.

So there it stands to-day with the lovely warm grey of its stone walls, the deeper tints of the large grey stone slabs of its roof, and its delicate mouldings surrounded by smooth lawns that melt into glades among the fine trees; the little lake gleaming between the red stems of Scotch firs, which mark, perhaps, the Jacobite sympathies of its old owners. It speaks of the past, but it is no museum piece, but a living home which succeeding generations have beautified and left their mark upon.

Yet, charming as the place is, its real interest lies in those who have inhabited it of late years, and it is because of my connection with the most interesting of these that I have been asked to write this article.

Sir Curtis Lampson was an able and high minded man of striking personality, but as I cannot speak of him from personal knowledge I will not try to describe him. There is one thing, however, the place itself tells us about him, which we cannot pass over. He bought the place in the 'forties, and it was through the middle of the nineteenth century that he adapted it to his needs. Yet, though he was a very rich man, he did not spoil its scale by his additions; and though he did his work in an age when such work was usually disastrous, he did not spoil its character. His mind, therefore, must have been refined, and his taste far ahead of that of his time. But it was his son-in-law and successor who gave the place its chief personal interest.

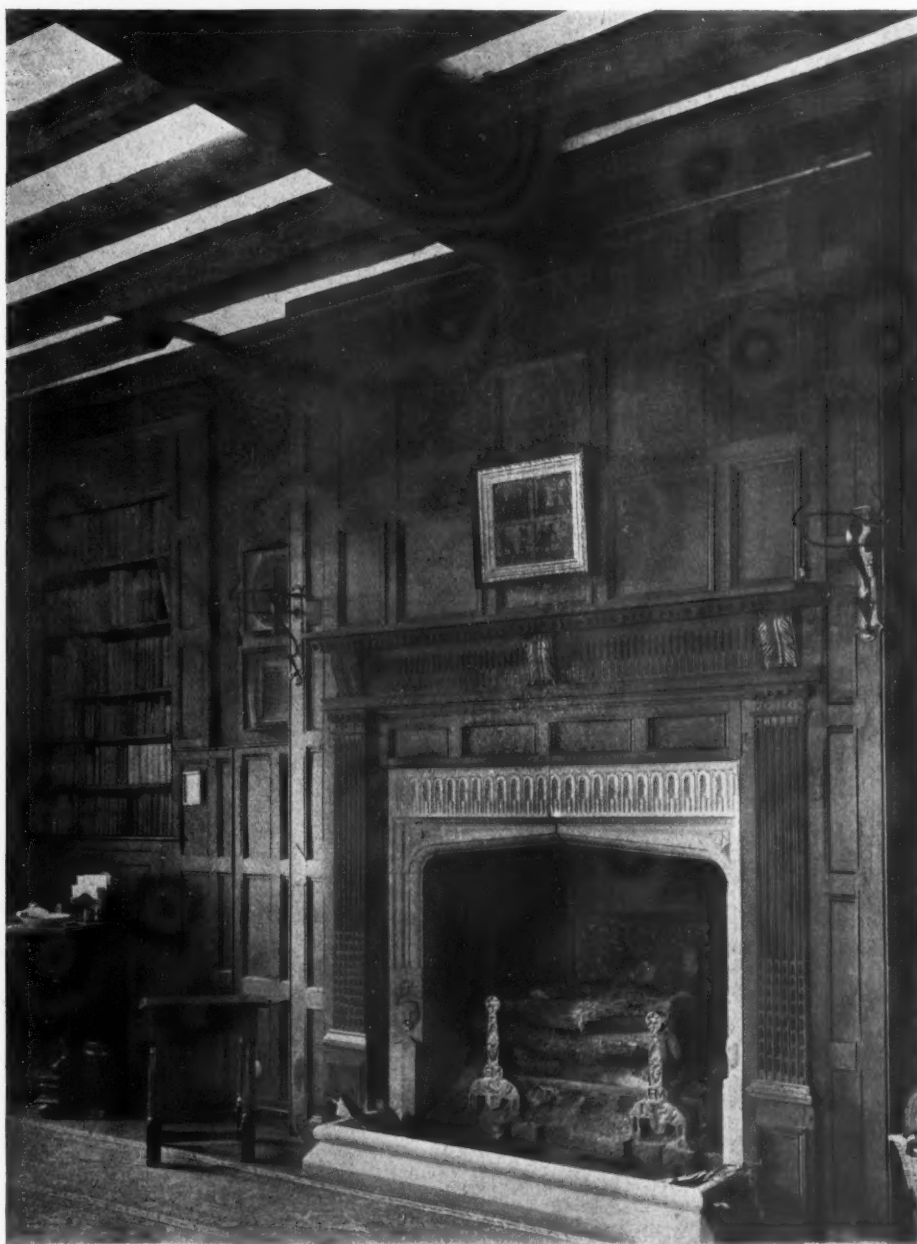
Much has been written about Frederick Locker, but little that has satisfied me, except two charming articles in *Blackwood* by his son Oliver. He has given us in his own reminiscences some account of the remarkable family from which he sprang and whose portraits hang in the new big room, and of his own early history. He grew up a good-looking, well mannered clerk in the Admiralty, and then he married Lady Charlotte Bruce. During that marriage he settled down to being apparently little more than the *mari de sa femme*. It was not really so, and she in no way dominated him; but it appeared so because he was a man totally free from self-assertion, and because, almost worshipping her brilliant gifts, he loved to sit quietly and listen to her bubbling wit and brilliant talk and to enjoy in his corner the crowd of all that was most brilliant in the intellectual life of London which gathered round her tea-table in their little drawing-room, and to listen to the talk they brought with them. He wrote verses, it is true, not many or of great power, but



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5.—THE STAIRCASE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—IN THE SMALL WITHDRAWING ROOM.

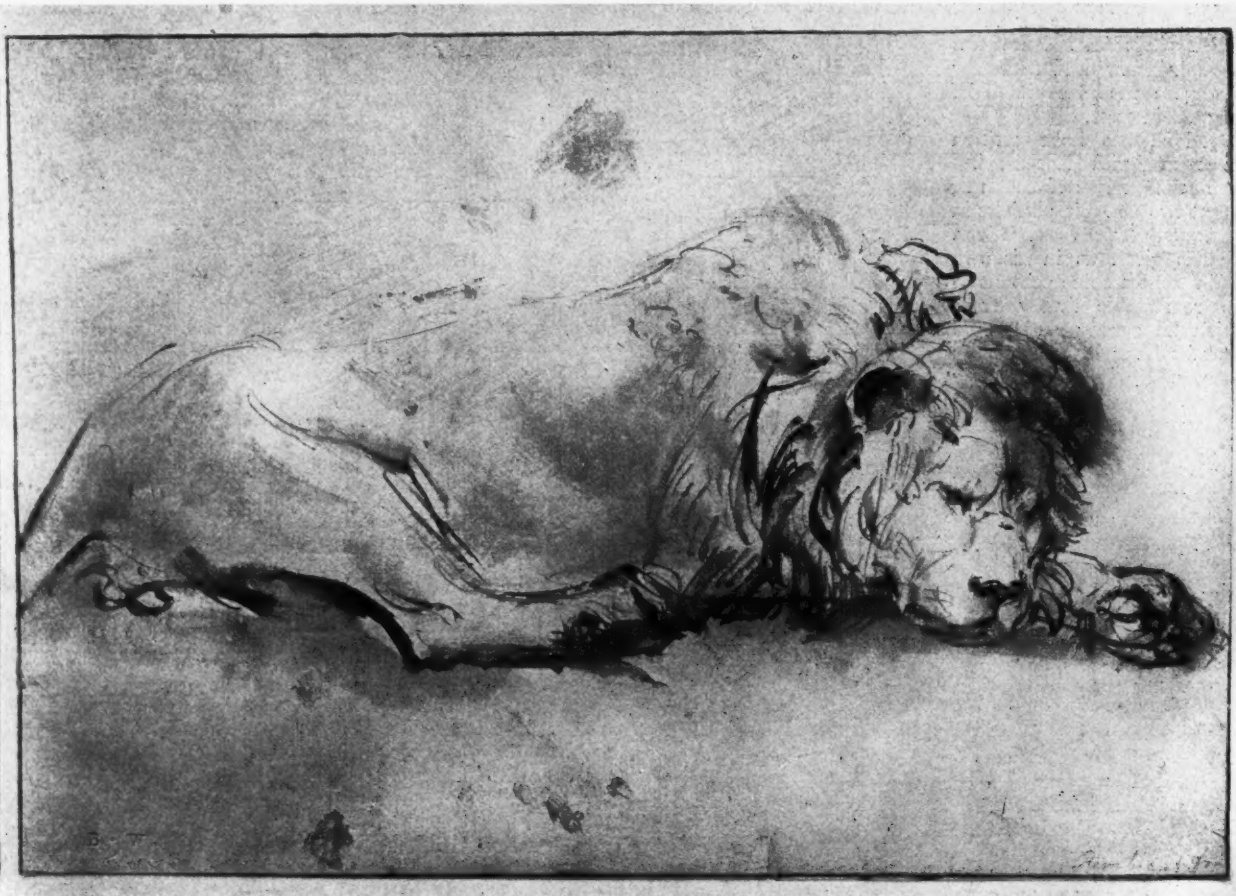
"COUNTRY LIFE."



7.—A CLAUDE DRAWING.

delicate and humorous. Still, while she lived no one thought of him seriously as a man of great powers. Then she died, and it was then that the brilliant circle she had formed began to realise that he was well worth knowing for himself. He had a fund of curious knowledge, a delicate judgment in literature,

a refined and cultivated taste for art, a playful, tender wit, to which an affectation of cynicism gave a spice, and a most endearing personality; so they adopted him into their circle. Immediately the public and the Press began to take him seriously. The friend of Tennyson, Browning and Thackeray



8.—REMBRANDT.

who had himself written verses, must, they felt, be a literary luminary; and when his daughter married Lionel Tennyson the papers wrote of the event much as if the daughter of Horace had been marrying the son of Virgil.

I remember well how the older generation of the family rubbed their eyes and tried to readjust their judgment of the dear Fred they had always known and loved. But one person was never taken in, and that was Fred himself. I remember well the little jokes he made constantly about himself and his powers, with his eye cocked and the humorous smile playing round his lips. He knew himself and judged himself with the truthfulness of unshakable humility.

But there was one element of his life during this first marriage which we must not overlook, for it deeply affects Rowfant. It was then that his life as a collector was really lived. The income of the establishment was £600 a year, of which, as Lady Charlotte's sister told me, £200 was set aside for his hobby; no small evidence of the relation between husband and wife, since collecting was in itself of no interest to her. With this little fund he collected his rare library, his choice drawings, his delicate china and glass, his noble mezzotints and all the other *objets d'art* which give Rowfant so much of its charm. The collection is a singular proof of unerring

From year to year the transparent simplicity and sterling worth of his wife's character meant more to him. He found an ever-growing happiness in her buoyant cheerfulness, her practical ability, her sound good sense. He loved the atmosphere of home with which she and his children surrounded him. Their relation to each other was delightful, she honoured him with unbounded honour, she loved to surround him with the friends and things he loved, alien though they were to her natural temperament. She gloried in his old life and cherished the memory of Lady Charlotte with intense conviction, always encouraging him to talk about her. On his part the attitude was playful, he chaffed her, he made quiet fun of her foibles, he affected a resigned attitude to her somewhat severe outward manifestations of religion. I remember one day, as we came in to tea, his stopping at the door and saying with mock solemnity and twinkling eyes: "I am always wondering when we shall begin grace at five o'clock tea."

But withal it was through religion that the strongest tie came to be formed. Her absolute sincerity and the way her religion diffused itself through her life brought him to a living Faith; and as that faith brought peace to his soul there grew up in him an ardent gratitude towards her to whom he owed it. I can hear him now talking of it with a tender, reverent



9.—OSTADE.

judgment, the fruit of countless happy days of wandering, poking into shops, bargaining with dealers, sitting through sales, an evidence of what judgment could do on small means in those days. In its formation there was not only the joy of acquisition, but the romance of adventure.

Then came his second marriage—the marriage which brought him to Rowfant. For the first time in his life he had ample means, and he soon found himself a country gentleman. All his old friends thought that he would be miserable. He was to live in the country, and was he not an ingrained Londoner? Had he not said it in his poem of Piccadilly? He was to live with a practical, matter of fact, energetic woman with little wit or humour, of active, evangelical religious enthusiasms. He, who had always had wit and humour, literature and art as the very breath of his life, and whose constant company had been drawn from the most brilliant literary society of his time. Could he fail to be unhappy? But his friends proved wrong.

It is true that he liked to return into the old society from time to time, and still more to get its members to come to him at Rowfant. Indeed, he never lost his vital touch with the literary life of his time; but his friends had not realised that personality meant more to him than literature or art.



10.—GAINSBOROUGH.

seriousness. Yet his religion was never like hers. It was, I think, summed up in the words he whispered on his deathbed: "St. Paul's Master is my Master, and I trust in Him." Adding, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

But the new life had another pleasure to him. It was to play at being a country gentleman. He enjoyed the humour of seeing such a man as he was in such a rôle. He dressed the part; he talked solemnly to his neighbours about soils and fat beasts and sport. Still, one could never doubt it was to him only an infinitely humorous game. But there was for him another charm in it—the charm of a reminiscence. There was in Essex a great Georgian country house where he and Lady Charlotte spent much of their time. It was an ideal country home with glorious gardens blazing with colour and laired with the shade of cedars; beyond the sunk fence were meadows where the Jersey cows grazed in rich pasture. Then you came to the farm where fat beasts and clean yards and cool dairies and an old garden full of the scent of cabbage-roses made a fit setting for the old bailiff, a picture in dress and appearance of the old-fashioned English yeoman. The squire, as he was called for miles round, had succeeded to the property as a child and lived till just on ninety. He was a type, high principled

and genuinely pious, full of ingrained prejudices, but with a love for things beautiful; not clever, but liking clever men; a farmer, a sportsman, an energetic man of business: his wife a kindly, simple soul with rare judgment in china. Though they were not clever, their nearness to London, their overflowing hospitality and their connection with many interesting people made their society intelligent and interesting.

But besides the kindness and charm, what Fred Locker loved was the unchanging old-fashionedness of the life there. The squire was the Sir Roger de Coverley to his Addison.

Let me recall a picture as an illustration. On Sunday morning there was an unchanging ritual. At a given moment a procession started. A flagged path led for nearly a mile across the park through the great elms and the flourish of the may trees. Along this they marched in single file. First the squire, then his wife, then the guests, then the old butler, followed by all the servants in order of precedence. As they entered the little church the squire's wife found a posy of flowers in her place. She picked it up and smelt it and then turned with a smile and bow of thanks to the farmer's wife who for forty years had always put it there. One aisle was full of schoolchildren in scarlet cloaks and ribboned hats which the squire's wife provided. Below the pulpit were two pews of the old men in splendid smock frocks which the squire gave them. The scent of limes and the hum of bees came through the windows. Fred Locker loved it all; the patriarchal atmosphere, the unchanging calm, the flavour of a past age, the great reverent voice with which the squire repeated the responses and sang the hymns, all had a charm for him. Even the squire's prejudices appealed to him. I remember his saying to me once with a joyous chuckle when we were discussing electric light: "Ah! we shan't have it at Hallingbury; the squire still thinks gas a nasty new-fangled invention."

It was this memory which played round his own life as a country gentleman, much as Sir Roger must have been in Addison's mind as he planted the yew hedges at Bitton Hall.

I do not believe that he had great constructive gifts in literature. I doubt whether, in the larger sense, he was a very clever man. But he had the lesser gifts of mind in a very perfect degree. Above all he was a splendid foil to cleverness. The almost reverent attitude of respect which he always showed towards the bigger men made them shine. I remember, as a boy, breakfasting alone with him and Austin Dobson. We sat long after breakfast round the fire. Their knowledge, their attitude of mind was much alike. The talk was excellent. But the thing that struck me most was that Locker never lost the respectfulness as of a lesser man towards a greater. It was no pose, just the expression of the ingrained humility of his nature.

As we wander through the rooms and look at all the choice fruits of his rare judgment he seems to come back with his quizzical smile, his refined taste, his humble, quiet appreciation of all that is best in life and man, his tender humour. I cannot place him in literature or in the quality of his capacity; but his personality shines out with a uniqueness and charm which I have never known in another.

But before we leave let us wander round the rooms; pleasant rooms with warm oak panelling and dignified Tudor fireplaces, low ceilinged except the new great chamber. Let us begin with this noble room, to which old beams in the ceiling give a Tudor flavour which brings it into harmony with the rest of the house. There the family pictures hang—good pictures in the main, by Abbot and Rigaud, Kneller and such like. There is a spirited sketch by Wilkie of the old sailor, and Richmond's drawing of Lady Charlotte which he considered his masterpiece. He saw her driving, was so struck with her face that he sought an introduction and asked to be allowed to draw her as a labour of love. But the room is mainly an apotheosis of the old commander whom we saw in Wilkie's sketch. There he is as Rigaud painted him in a family group over the mantelpiece. There he hangs nobly painted by Abbot, one of a series with his great sailor friends, Nelson, Exmouth and St. Vincent, while Hawke hangs in a smaller picture below. As one looks at the strong, virile old face one wonders how Fred Locker, delicate, sensitive, almost fragile, came from such a stock; and then one turns to Hayter's picture of his mother and the riddle is answered.

But now let us pass into the low old rooms, for these are the treasures of his collection. They are not crowded and have no look of a museum; at first sight just pleasant homely rooms. But just look carefully into what hangs in that collection of old tortoiseshell frames on the walls. Just a few mezzotints; but such impressions, the very finest specimens of the art. Then some grand Rembrandt etchings, and one by Turner touched by himself; two or three early engravings, and then drawings by great masters, from the early Italians down to Lely and Hogarth. Then below a line of personal things, sketches of himself, designs for book plates, illustrations of his verses, illustrations for books, all drawn by his friends, but such friends—Millais, Thackeray, Caldecott, Cruikshank, Walter Crane, Dicky Doyle, du Maurier, Frederick Walker and Kate Greenaway whom he had discovered and whom he loved as a woman and an artist. Is not that a room to live in? Then pass to another. Some little gems of Early German and Italian painting; some rare illuminations; more original drawings. Never a crowd, just enough to make every corner interesting and all of the first class in their different kinds. That is the wonder of the collection. You feel that everything was bought because he really liked it, never because it would be a possession to boast of: and his taste was never wrong. It is the same with the china and glass and the other *objets d'art*. The whole collection has the atmosphere of distinction, but it has no flavour of the museum: it has the personal touch which makes it the furnishing of a home. That is the unique quality among the collections that I know. The home is never sacrificed to the collection. The collection simply gives distinction and interest to the home, and witnesses to the refined and cultured taste of its master and the distinguished circle of friends who loved him.

So we leave it in its calm beauty, richer for the thought of how much beauty and happiness a man may bring in life if he has the eyes of love to teach him where to seek it.

The Deanery, Windsor Castle.

A. V. BAILLIE.

THE CASTLE OF FARLEIGH HUNGERFORD, AND ITS PRESERVATION

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE treatment of Farleigh Castle by the Office of Works has been a subject of animadversion in the Correspondence Columns of COUNTRY LIFE and opens up the question of what are right and wrong methods of preserving historic ruins. Such remains of the past make appeal to mental phases that are distinct and in some measure divergent—the artistic and the archaeological. The former is insistent upon the picturesque aspect and the quality given by time. It is not much disturbed by additions to or subtractions from the fabric, by its further decay or even by a smothering of ivy. The latter does not mind, may even be pleased with the complete removal of all tone and texture and growths that Nature and age have produced, but it exclaims at any effacement of forms and details that represent and tell of past purpose and style. Some men have a tendency and training towards the one phase, some towards the other. Only a few combine both, but to them alone should be entrusted the care of ancient monuments, and even with them the balancing of the two scales is a task needing thought and judgment.

That the Office of Works has put all the weight into the archaeological scale is the contention of those who object to

its treatment of Farleigh Castle. It is a matter of importance if we consider the constantly increasing activities of the Office of Works in this domain, and we will, therefore, shortly consider what Farleigh Castle was, what it is, and what it should be.

Where the Frome River divides the counties of Somerset and Wilts, Thomas de Hungerford bought the manor and lands of Farleigh in 1369, and as Farleigh Hungerford it then became known. He was of Wiltshire stock. His father and uncle had represented the county in the Parliaments of Edward II, and he himself followed them, being Speaker in Edward III's last Parliament in 1377. Soon after that he determined to convert the modest and undefended manor house on his new estate into an abode of considerable size and strength. He obtained licence to embattle in 1383, and appears to have been still at work on his towers and curtain walls when, fifteen years later, he was succeeded by his son, Sir Walter. A Speaker of the House of Commons under Henry IV, an Agincourt hero under Henry V, a Lord Treasurer under Henry VI, he is the most prominent of all his family, and, being summoned by writ to the House of Lords in 1426, became the first Baron



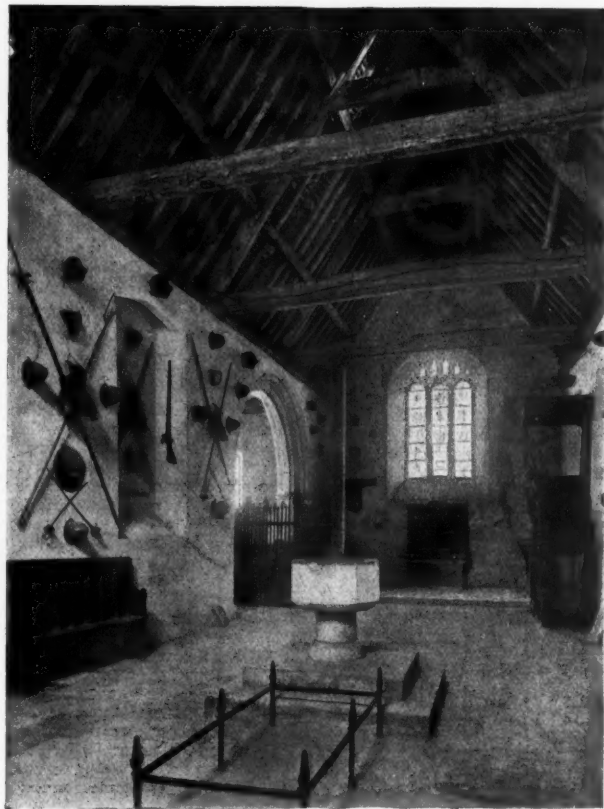
1.—THE CHAPEL OF THE HUNGERFORDS IN THE OUTER COURT.

Hungerford, a dignity he was well able to maintain through the wealth which had come to him by inheritance, grant, marriage and, perhaps, also by ransom of French captives.

At Farleigh the church had stood on the steep Somerset bank of the river next to the manor house. But as Lord Hungerford did not like it within his enceinte he built a new church outside and converted the old one into a private chapel, with a chantry and chantry priests. There his father and mother lie in effigy enclosed in a very excellent example of mediæval ironwork (Fig. 3).

The first Lord Hungerford wedded an heiress of the Peverells, the second of the Botreaux, the third of the Moleyns. The third lord last named was thus a youth greatly favoured by fortune, but he fell on ill times. Fighting with Talbot in Aquitaine in 1452, he was taken prisoner, and when, after seven years of durance and the payment of heavy ransom, he came back home, the partisans of York and Lancaster were coming to blows, and as a supporter of the latter he took an active part. Captured

by the Yorkists at Hexham in 1464, he was beheaded at New-castle. Five years later his son suffered the same fate at Salisbury, and was buried in the Farleigh chapel. The great estates then passed to the victors, but with the coming of the Tudors in 1485 they were restored. Most of them, including the Moleyns inheritance, went to the third Lord Hungerford's daughter, who had married Lord Hastings. The rest, including Farleigh, were bestowed upon the third lord's younger brother Walter, who had joined Henry Tudor on the march towards Bosworth, had slain Sir Thomas Brackenbury, Governor of the Tower, during the fight, and been knighted on the field. A Privy Councillor under Henry VIII, all went well with him; but tragedy, this time of a domestic kind, returned to Farleigh under his son. Sir Edward had succeeded in 1516, and soon after he lost his first wife. What were then his relations with Agnes, the wife of John Cotell, does not appear; but in 1518 the said Agnes, with the help of William Mathewe, strangled the said John at Farleigh Castle and, almost as soon as she



2.—INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

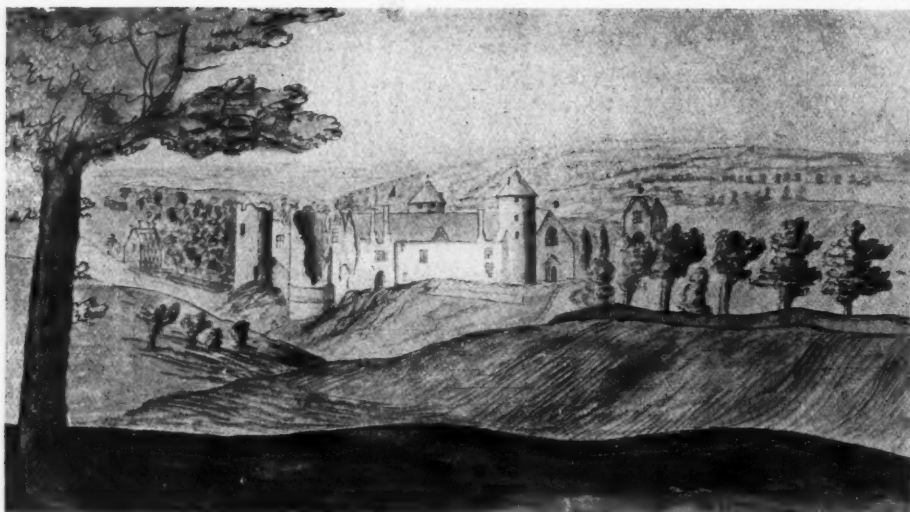


3.—TOMBS OF THE HUNGERFORDS.

"C.L."

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Outside the chantry and enclosed in mediæval grille is the monument to Sir Thomas Hungerford (died 1398) and his wife. Within the chantry is the marble tomb to Sir Edward Hungerford erected by his widow before her death in 1672.



4.—FARLEIGH CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST AS IT APPEARED IN 1746.



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5.—THE GATE-HOUSE TO THE OUTER COURT.
The new pointing has destroyed the patina of age.

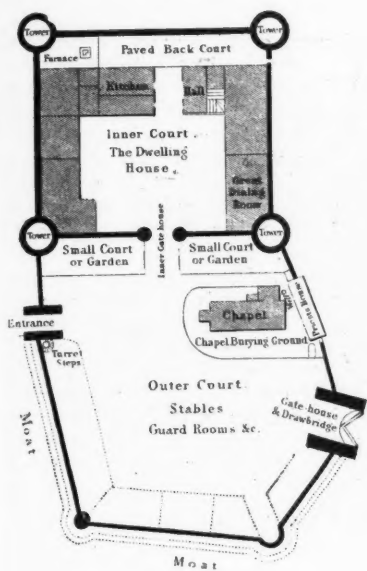
"COUNTRY LIFE."

had burnt the body, married its lord. His position was strong enough to silence gossip. He was with Henry at the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520, and, dying in January, 1522, made Agnes his executrix. Now, however, tongues were loosened, and both Agnes and Mathewe were hanged at Tyburn. Domestic irregularities likewise led to the undoing of Sir Edward's son by his first wife. Walter Hungerford, born in 1503, was only nineteen when his father died, and he became Squire of the Body to Henry VIII. By the time he was twenty-nine he was ready to marry his third wife, daughter to Lord Hussey, who recommends him to the then all-powerful Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. The latter, thinking that Hungerford "should be rewarded for his well doing," favours him so that he becomes Lord Hungerford in 1536. But in the same year the Minister receives a letter from the third wife saying she has for long been immured in one of the towers at Farleigh, that her husband is trying to poison her so that she dare not eat what is provided for her and that she would starve did not poor people bring food to the window of her tower. Feeling turned strongly against Lord Hungerford; charges of immorality were supplemented by others of that vague kind which were held to amount to treason if brought against anyone that Henry VIII thought well to be rid of. That occurred in the case of Cromwell himself in 1540, and on the day his head fell on Tower Hill so also did that of Lord Hungerford. His son Walter was then eight years old, and soon after he came of age the forfeited estates were restored to him by Mary. A great sportsman and known as "the Knight of Farleigh," he principally lived on that estate, a description of which is given by the Crown officers who visited it at its forfeiture on Lord Hungerford's death in 1540:

The sayde Castell standeth in a parke lenyng unto a hill syde, portly and very strongly buylded, having inward and outward wardes, and in the inward warde many fayre chambers, a fayre large hall, on the hedde of which hall iij or iiij goodly greate chambers, with fayre and strong roffes, and dyvers other fayre lodginges, with all manner of offices.

The parke wherin the sayde castell standeth ys ij myles and iij quarters in circuite, a very fayre and parkely grounde, beyng envyroned rownde aboute with highe hylles and in the myddes a brode and depe ronnyng streame ronnyng throw it.

Such was the house and park where Sir Walter dwelt and hunted for over forty years.



6.—PLAN OF THE CASTLE.
It was made in 1852 by the
Rev. J. E. Jackson.

years, died in 1672. She in her lifetime "beautified the chapel" and erected the fine black and white marble monument which is seen in the chantry chapel behind the tomb of old Sir Thomas. The iron gates which close the chantry are also of her time and are an example of an English smith's work before the great development of the art under Tijou's influence. When she died a nephew of her husband had succeeded to the estates and was the last of the family to hold them, for his extravagance obliged him to sell them in 1686.

Henry Baynton, the new owner of Farleigh, appears to have used the castle as an occasional residence. But after his death and the re-sale of the place it began to fall into decay and its materials to be re-used for estate purposes. Yet a sketch in the British Museum (Fig. 4), giving a view from the south-west as it appeared about 1746, shows it still standing. The east towers retain their conical tops, and much of the domestic buildings as well as the chapel are roofed. The latter has been kept in repair (Fig. 1), but the lower court is no more. Indeed, it was only by digging that the foundations of some of the rooms were revealed about three-quarters of a century ago. Soon after that Mr. J. E. Jackson constructed the plan which he included in his "Guide to Farleigh-Hungerford" and which is now in part reproduced (Fig. 6). The most considerable remnant, besides the chapel, is the gate-house of the outer court (Fig. 5). From it, on each side, stretches out the curtain wall, and into the section of it between the gate-house and the now ruined south-east tower of the inner court is set the presbytery, now the dwelling and property of the farmer, no part of whose buildings have been

But with him, too, there was a domestic cloud, for it is his second wife who is mixed up with the rather legendary career of "Wild" Darell of Littlecote. Certain it is that in 1570 Sir Walter charged her with misconduct, lost his case, refused to pay costs, and so spent a while in the Fleet Prison. When he died in 1596 he was succeeded by a brother and then by the son of a daughter who had married a Hungerford. To him Corsham had also come, and he is known as Sir Edward of Corsham. But at the Farleigh chapel he was buried, together with his wife, Margaret Haliday, who, outliving him twenty-four

dealt with by the Office of Works. Hence the sudden change of aspect at a certain point in the curtain wall seen in the illustrations which accompanied Mr. Peto's letter in the issue of November 5th. There can be no doubt as to which section has the more agreeable appearance. The untouched portions are redolent of tone and texture, light and shadow, growth and colour (Fig. 8), all of which are deplorably wanting in the harsh, cold, even surface of the "restored" portions. There is a uniform yellowish-drab tone over the



7.—A BASTION AND CURTAIN WALL.
The play of light and shade, the colour and liveliness of plant and moss and lichen, still remaining on the upper part of the bastion, are replaced by grey and lifeless uniformity in the recently treated curtain wall.

whole of the gate-house which makes it even drearier to the eye in reality than in a photographic reproduction, and certainly justifies Mr. Peto in supposing either that pumped in grouting had been allowed carelessly to exude and flow over the surface, or that the latter had been purposely subjected to a colour wash—indeed, on such bits of dry and dead moss as still occasionally adhere to the stones yellow colouring matter occurs. Nowhere does the contrast between the treated and untreated portions appear more clearly than on the section of curtain wall and bastion now reproduced (Fig. 7). The upper part of the bastion is full of the picturesqueness and the sentiment of age. There is the poetry of tone and texture in high degree. It is warm and living. But the icy touch of a mechanical and bureaucratic age is creeping up it, and for the first few feet of its height and over the whole of the adjacent curtain wall it looks as if a free hand had been given to an engineer expert in the most modern forms of concrete construction. In anyone sensitive to quality in building the first glimpse produces a shudder and a conviction that the Government department in charge has stamped



8.—ANCIENT WALLING AS IT SHOULD BE.



9.—ANCIENT WALLING SPOILT BY MECHANICAL MODERN POINTING.

out all individuality, all sense of personal tenderness and respect for beauty, at this hitherto favoured spot in our land of lovely landscape and ancient homes. Is any such expensively drastic and charm-destructive process necessary or called for at Farleigh? Where walls of immense height, of no excessive thickness and perforated by many and large window apertures, as at Tintern Abbey, are to be maintained as a national monument, strengthening treatment may be essential that carries with it a diminution of the picturesque. But, even then, anxious thought and eager effort should be turned towards making that diminution as little in kind and in duration as our large knowledge and experience permit. Such result has been fully reached by private individuals.

For instance, the considerable re-edification of the upper part of the entrance tower of Hurstmonceux was effected without loss of the beauty of age. But very much less tampering appears to be called for at Farleigh. Most of the remaining walls have so little height and so much thickness that, surely, no intrusion of new strengthening matter, be it concrete or mortar, was necessary except where a bulge was perceptible and where the looseness of the top stones allowed wet to percolate down.

And where any strengthening was called for was it essential to fill in to the outer face and destroy thereby the delightful effect of colour and of shadow? The material used has an adamantine look, and its strange, sausage-like roll, utterly wanting the touch and tool mark of the craftsman, brings it as far forward and gives it equal area and importance with the stone, so that its harsh colour and curious sprinkling of sea pebbles (Fig. 9) is what strikes and even retains the eye over every inch and foot and yard and rod of the vast surfaces that have been conscientiously dealt with by the Office of Works. It is this conscientiousness that makes the thing so grievous. There has evidently been an earnest desire to do right. But it is borne in upon the visitor that through some lapse the narrow path has been taken. That the wide way with broad human outlook has been missed. That a prompt retracing of steps is called for, so that, to the very large extent which is quite compatible with maintenance, the warm and speaking spirit of nature should be allowed to continue to vitalise and render sympathetic these walls and towers that are still capable of throbbing in remembrance of the doughty deeds and tragic lives of the ancient Hungerfords whose bones lie in the chapel vault.

SALISBURY

Life of Robert. Marquis of Salisbury. by Lady Gwendolen Cecil. Vols. I and II. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THE first vivid glimpse which we get of Lord Salisbury in Lady Gwendolen Cecil's book comes out of the "Life of the Marquis of Dufferin," and refers to the boy at Eton: "The thin, frail, little lower-boy . . . even then writing such clever essays." Frail and clever he remained till marriage. The childhood of the great statesman was not in other respects happy. His letters from Eton to his father are full of dole: "I have been kicked most unmercifully since I last wrote to you for refusing to do a fellow's theme and get the sense for it. . . . They call me stingy because I won't do the verses and take it out in bullying. . . . Eton has become insupportable. I am bullied from morning to night without ceasing." The boy must have felt this very keenly, for it engendered in him a dislike of Eton that lasted through manhood. His wife had to invent an ingenious method of getting the boys taken to school without their father appearing at all. The anecdotes seem to bring before us a boy of poor physique, but of an active mind.

The picture is very slowly unfolded by Lady Gwendolen Cecil in the two published volumes, but her assiduous work tells at last, and we finally come face to face with one of the most remarkable Prime Ministers that modern England has had. The germ of statesmanship was in the family. It had been brought to the service of Queen Elizabeth by Lord Burghley, and of his two sons one was incompetent and the other a marvel. Lady Gwendolen does not mince matters in describing her own ancestry. She says that "during more than a century and a half, the general mediocrity of intelligence which the family displayed was only varied by instances of quite exceptional stupidity." It is evident that we cannot take the Cecils as an example to prove the eugenic theory that great gifts are transmitted. Were it so, one would expect successive generations of Cecils to be distinguished in politics, as the Barclays were in banking, the Darwins in science and the Pease family in philanthropy. It cannot be ascribed to anything in statesmanship either, because there are several families like that of the Greys for instance, which have turned out many successive generations of statesmen or politicians. Lord Salisbury, however, did show that the brilliance of his ancestors had been revived in him, and few will deny that it is continued in some degree in his sons, Robert and Cecil. The *Life* proves, however, that if he inherited many of the strong characteristics, he had also a share of the weaknesses of the family to which he belonged. But if great families grow in one direction, they are apt to atrophy in others. If they inherit political aptitude, they are equally prone to fail in imaginative power. In the parallel case of the Greys, power is found with aptitude for business, breadth and penetration, but nothing imaginative. No Grey ever became a poet or a poetic speaker. So it is with the Cecils. Many have developed statcraft; none the gifts which belong to great literature or great art. The thought might be carried through all the political families of Great Britain and give the same result. It is very well known and has been ascribed to the habits cultivated by these families of grasping questions rapidly and making quick decisions. The imaginative man may make a great many things, but it is impossible for him to make a quick decision. Lord Salisbury was no exception to the rule.

Admittedly he was a brilliant writer, but the writing is all of one kind, and the best of his work was done in his early days for the *Saturday Review*. It is a pity that Lady Gwendolen, who gives as an appendix considerable extracts from his articles in the *Quarterly Review*, does not attempt to make any companion set of quotations from the old *Saturday*. Yet, just when Lord Salisbury was coming to his own as a writer, the *Saturday Review*, under Cook's guidance, was at its best, and Lord Salisbury who frequently attended weekly meetings of the Direction and was under contract to write a weekly article on German literature and do the review for the year, put his whole heart into "leaders" and "middles." Lady Gwendolen does not give any positive information as to which he wrote and which he did not. She neither confirms nor disputes the statements of those who claim to identify his contributions to a journal which admitted no signature. What is certain is that his writing for the *Saturday Review* was done at a time when the feud between him and Benjamin Disraeli was at its height. The "man of flouts and gibes and sneers" turned the sharpest of his artillery on "Dizzy," and the present writer, at any rate, would rather have had a selection from these astute and cutting articles than from the more laboured efforts that appeared in the *Quarterly*. It was indignation that made the satire, for Lord Salisbury only spoke when he had something to say, and gave his attention to matter rather than manner. The hearer had to listen while the ponderous intellect, working like some huge piece of steam machinery, turned out the thought just as it had come to him while writing. It was while he was doing this that one caught the deepest impression of energy from him. Voice, gesture, intonation, were all those of a man who was giving his whole mind to the matter before him.

His statesmanship will be tried by other tests than those that were applied during his life. The lack of imagination, to which we have referred, was an obstacle in the way of his foreseeing what the future held for Great Britain. He seemed to rest too securely on the assumption that the order of things as he found them would remain as they were for ever. He had not Lord Beaconsfield's insight into the possibilities of Tory democracy, for instance. There is nothing in the volumes which shows that there ever dawned upon him the need of aristocracy setting its house in order because of the threats under which it lived. Yet, when all this is said, he was a great and always an interesting statesman. He appeals to the human side of us most in his early semi-Bohemian days when he had to support himself in a large measure by his pen. The brilliant young *Saturday Reviewer* would in time have mastered a great English reading public if the coming of wealth had not lifted the burden that made him work so hard at his journalism. Later on his figure unwreathes itself from those of his contemporaries.

Lady Gwendolen's second volume only carries her to 1880, when the Conservatives were thrown out of office after Gladstone had made his Midlothian pilgrimage.

The remainder of the *Life* will deal with many great events, but there can be little to add to the historic figure which Lady Gwendolen Cecil has painted. It is a wonderful feat. No other woman has shown so thorough a grasp of the politics of the period, and the figure of Salisbury is remarkable and true to life. It would be impossible to find a more striking contrast than there is between him and the great politicians of to-day.

The latter cultivate a close intimacy alike with their colleagues and those who exercise the franchise. Lord Salisbury, grave and studious, lived within himself. He scarcely knew his own colleagues. He avoided publicity as though it carried disgrace

with it. His pastime was found in the laboratory, where he cultivated scientific knowledge as his successors cultivate the game of golf. A strange, striking, sphinx-like figure, he was only voluble in letter-writing.

THE SPELL OF WINTER SPORTS

By A. E. MURRAY.

ON a dark November day, with rain falling steadily outside and walls sweating within, with a temperature in that unsatisfactory condition of being "neither hot nor cold," it is a positive joy to sit down and write about winter sports. We may well be proud of our great and glorious Metropolis, but we are none the less glad to be able to leave its mire and mud behind us for a few short weeks, in order to bask in the blazing sunshine of the Alpine countryside. Among the many who have felt the spell of the mountains there must be not a few who fear that altered times and circumstances have put winter sports beyond their reach.

It does not, however, seem to be generally known that expensive hotels do not offer the whole of the accommodation that is available for English visitors to the Alps. Some can no longer afford these, but are not therefore necessarily prevented from visiting the Alps. In many places, such as Grindelwald, where there is quite a large Swiss population, good rooms may be had at far more reasonable rates than the hotels are compelled to charge. These are specially convenient for the ever increasing number of visitors who devote most of their time to ski-ing, since, to them, the absence of a private rink is not a matter of great importance. They have all they want—the mountains, the snow, the exhilarating atmosphere and the wonderful sunshine. Those who are able to stay for the whole season may very likely prefer to do what the writer has sometimes done—that is, take a furnished chalet. They will hardly regret their delightful experience of chalet life.

It is quite certain that winter sports have come to stay. They are deservedly popular, because they are really good. None is too young for them, and none too old. If you are old they have an extraordinary habit of making you young again. Who has not enjoyed reading "The Canon in Residence"?

And it is true to life. Dignified old gentlemen find themselves acting and feeling like boys again.

There is no doubt that for the younger generation ski-ing is quite the most popular sport. The ski-runner is not confined to the village where he is staying; he wanders all day over the mountains, and learns the physical nature of the country in the best possible way. And he can do this without being what is called an expert; that is, he need not be a very fast runner, though, if he is, it will sometimes stand him in good stead. But he must be a safe runner, and must know his turns. If he is constantly falling, he will keep back the other members of his party.

Last winter was one of the most snowless that has been known for many years. In fact, a ski race took place one day at a certain well known winter sports resort, when the competitors had to cross a number of patches of bare mud. As far as could be seen through field-glasses, they all fell in the mud and shot across it at full speed towards the nearest snow! We may, however, hope that the coming season will restore the average by giving us a good, continuous supply of fresh snow. Although ski-ing looks dangerous, it is not so really. Ski-jumping, especially, looks terrifying, but is safe. It is mostly a matter of nerve.

If the ski-runner wants plenty of snow, the skater emphatically does not. The amount of work required to clear the rink of a foot of snow can hardly be imagined until it has been experienced. Keen skaters are, however, always ready to man the scrapers while the snow is still falling, in order to prevent it from becoming unmanageably deep. There is no need to enter into the vexed controversy of "English" versus "Continental" style in skating, for there is plenty of room for both. Some places specialise in one and some in the other. It is impossible to say that one is the better when both are so interesting.



THE SKI-ER'S PARADISE.

Every year sees an increasing number of people taking up curling. The "roaring game" is one of the many good things that come from Scotland. To the uninitiated it looks simple, but in reality it is the reverse, and it exercises a fascination over those who take it up that, perhaps, is only equalled by golf. Not a few expert curlers began their career by being persuaded, almost against their will, to join in a game, and then finding, to their astonishment, that they had fallen under the curling spell and simply could not leave off. The full meaning of the term "roaring game" will be understood by any who have been privileged to witness the International Curling Bonspiel which is held annually at one or other of the Swiss winter resorts. It is a great tournament, in which a large number of "rinks" (*i.e.*, teams of four players, one of whom is called the "skip") compete. The cheerful noise that echoes round the mountain-side is indescribable.

Apart from the great ice-runs like the Cresta which demand plenty of nerve and skill and provide the spectators with as much excitement as they can wish for, tobogganing seems to have fallen on rather sad days. Of course, everyone has a toboggan, but comparatively few use them. "Bobbing" and ski-ing appear to have taken the place that tobogganing once held. In some ways this is much to be regretted, for in those valleys where the mountain tracks are kept open in the winter by the use which the villagers make of them, few things are more delightful than to take a toboggan right up the mountain-side, towing it up and being carried by it downhill along one of the many tracks that are to be found. This kind of expedition can be undertaken when the snow has become hard from use.

There are some who love the mountains, but were never taught in their youth to excel in the sports, who have no ambition to break records (or is it that they fear to break legs?), but who nevertheless find health and strength from a sojourn in the Alps. What can be more delightful for such than to set out after breakfast on ski with a congenial companion, and a rucksack

on the back containing lunch and a camera, to go, it matters not where, so long as it is *up*? There is no need to hurry; you rest when you wish, and go on when you are ready. Sometimes no photographs are taken, on other days a whole box of plates are exposed. The picture called "The Ski-ers' Paradise" was made on one of these days. The sun was hot, and perhaps we had been lazy. Be that as it may, by the time we reached the chalet from which the view was taken, the mountain was shrouded in a deep transparent purple haze, lovely to look upon,



CURLING: "STOP SWEEPING."

but photographically desperate. A deep yellow screen over the lens, however, made the picture possible. These are the days that live in the memory. No two of them are ever quite alike, for, as has been well said, there are no two mountains more unlike each other than the same mountain on different days. There is no spell like the spell of the mountains. As the seasons pass, we climb the heights more slowly, perhaps, than we did twenty years ago, but we love them more deeply, and we know that they can never lose their fascination for us.



THE SKI-ING SLOPE AT SUNSET.

SNIFE SHOOTING

BY JOHN H. WYATT.

"SHCAIPE! Shcaipe!" What sportsman who has once heard it, with a gun in his hand, can forget the cry of the snipe as it rises rapidly from marsh or sedge, possibly behind him, and darts away in its swift zigzags, now showing its back and now its breast, using its wings more like propellers than most birds do and turning like lightning from side to side. For the first few yards of its flight the snipe generally keeps near the ground, after which it rises suddenly but with a steadier movement, and unless stopped by the gun, quickly disappears in the far distance. This cry which the "full" snipe always emits when rising, but which cannot be accurately written in letters, is a boon to the sportsman, as, unlike the partridge, pheasant and other of the larger game birds, the snipe makes but little noise with its wings, and, consequently, were it not for its piercing cry, many a chance of adding to the bag would be lost.

The "full" snipe and the "jack" are, in this country at any rate, the best known members of the tribe, but in all there are upwards of twenty varieties. These were originally included by Linnaeus under the same genus (*Scolopax*) as the woodcock, but later it was thought better to separate them, although they are in many respects similar; e.g., in the unusual arrangement of their digestive organs as well as in the shape of their bills and the speed and irregularity of their flight. The "full" snipe is now known as *Gallinago celestis*, and this variety is the one most often met with in the British Isles, where the best snipe-shooting is to be found in the bogs of Ireland, though that on the Cornish moors, or downs, as they are often locally termed, is by no means to be despised. Dartmoor is another spot justly famous for the excellent snipe-shooting which can be obtained within its borders, and Dartmoor

snipe are noted for the speed at which they fly. I believe, however, that the Devonshire name, viz., "Dartymoor," for this wild moorland has nothing to do with this fact.

The prefix "jack" may refer to sex (as jack-rabbit), for the jack-snipe is popularly, but erroneously, supposed to be the male of the common species, the full snipe, or it may refer to size, as the smallest court card in the pack is called a "jack," as is also the smallest ball used at bowls. The jack-snipe will lie very close, which the common snipe will not do as a rule, and unless accompanied by a good dog, the sportsman may very easily pass him by, and when flushed he rises silently but jerkily and swiftly, and if not brought down by the gun he will, of his own accord, alight again at a short distance, generally within 200 yds. Whence comes the story of a whole season's sport at the expense of a single bird. The jack-snipe never breeds in this country as the full snipe does, but in North Scandinavia and Russia. In colour it is brighter and more vividly marked.

All the snipe tribe go through remarkable evolutions in the air during the breeding season. When disturbed the bird will first circle round the intruder and hover over his head, then it will mount high in the air until it is almost out of sight and suddenly shoot downward in an oblique course, after which it will mount again and repeat the performance. Shortly after each of the downward rushes—when time has been allowed for the sound to reach the earth—a curious drumming noise, which is something like the bleating of a sheep or goat, will be heard. For this reason the snipe is known in Scotland as the "heather-bleater," and in other countries by words signifying a "flying goat" or "Heaven's ram." This sound is evidently made by the bird in its sudden descent, and it is now generally agreed that it is caused by the vibrations of the tail feathers as they rush through the air. Loud notes not unlike "tinker, tinker," answered in a different key by "djep, djep, djep," may also reach the ears.

The nest of the snipe is always on the ground and in a hollow tuft of grass or herbage. The eggs, usually four in number, are an olive colour with brown spots and blotches; the chicks,

when first hatched, are covered with a beautiful maroon-colored down, marked with black, white and buff.

To return now to our main subject, in the opinion of many sportsmen no sport excels snipe-shooting, for the flight of the snipe is so varied that the shooting can never become mechanical. For instance, a snipe is flushed and darts quickly to the right, the sportsman swings his gun round, allowing, say, a couple of feet for the movement of the bird before the shot can reach it—this will be none too much and may, in many cases, be insufficient—he pulls the trigger; but even in that moment he knows that he has missed, for as the trigger is released, but before the hammer has had time to fall, he can see that the snipe has made a sudden turn and is some yards to the left of the spot where he expected it to be. And, although the gun has not yet gone off, it is then too late to stop firing, and it is necessary to swing right round quickly to the left before the second barrel can be got in with any chance of success, as it is essential to shoot well in front.

Then, again, the ground on which one is standing often makes the shooting more difficult, as the snipe frequents marshy places where it is often necessary to step from tuft to tuft, and a false step may land the shooter well above his knees in mud and water, while the high reeds that abound in such spots are an

added difficulty. If, as the left foot is thrown forward in the act of firing, it does not meet the ground where it was expected, it can be readily understood that this will affect the aim very adversely. In fact, "taking one consideration with another," there is probably no bird that is harder to hit than a snipe. A woodcock in cover certainly takes some shooting (for it slips in and out among the trees, and up and down, over and under the branches with amazing rapidity), so also does a rocketing pheasant

high above the trees, but a woodcock in the open is as easy a mark as an owl, for, unlike the snipe, it only dodges when it is compelled to do so.

It has been the writer's privilege to shoot snipe at different times in the company of two most excellent shots, but men with entirely different styles of shooting. One was a first-class exponent of the "snap" shooting method; he was wonderfully quick and, consequently, could bring down birds that rose at a long distance, 50 yds. or more—it is, by the way, not cruel to fire at a snipe so far away that it would be possible only to wound a partridge at a similar distance, as a very light touch will bring a snipe to the ground. The other man was almost as good a shot, and considering that his method was to align the bird and gun, he too was extraordinarily quick, though personally I prefer the style of the former. One occasion in particular is worth recalling; two snipe rose at the same time, one on each side of him, and, as he saw that they were likely to cross in their flight, he waited till they were just about to do so and, pulling his trigger at the correct moment, fired between them and killed both.

There is no doubt that the two-eyed stance—to borrow a term from cricket—is best for all game shooting, and most of all in the case of the elusive snipe. Both eyes should be kept open all the time, the shooter should not look at his gun, but should know its position by feel, just as a batsman knows the position of his bat or a woodman of his axe; neither of these looks at his weapon, but at the object he wishes to strike.

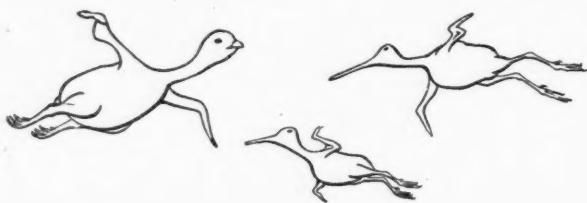
Many a man, though a thoroughly good shot at other game, never becomes first class where snipe are concerned, and it is an undoubted fact that after much practice at snipe it seems particularly easy to kill partridges. When shooting at a snipe a sportsman must throw his shot, as it were, where he thinks the bird will be when the shot passes it; this, of course, makes rapid judgment of speed and direction very necessary. It is also well to remember to shoot above rather than below it, as after flying for some yards near the ground a snipe will in most cases rise very suddenly; in fact, it often rises quickly from the very commencement of its flight.



SNIFE COUNTRY.

Following this rule, however, was once the cause of the writer's missing what looked like a fairly easy shot, for, just as the trigger was being pulled, the bird dropped suddenly almost to the ground, giving, for a moment, the impression of being hit, and the charge passed harmlessly over it—but it was quits with the second barrel.

The best all-round shot for snipe is No. 8, and this will kill up to 60yds., but if the birds are lying close, No. 10 is, perhaps,



THE RELATIVE FLESH SIZE OF PARTRIDGE, FULL SNIPE AND JACK SNIPE. (From a drawing by Max Baker.)

preferable. The writer once knew a man who shot a snipe with BB shot—it was a jack-snipe, too, and the only snipe he ever succeeded in hitting—but this man was not a sportsman in the true sense of the word, and after eating the bird for his supper

he came to the conclusion that the trouble of shooting was so great that the pleasure of eating did not recompense him for it. On the other hand, many men, the writer among them, would rather shoot a snipe than eat one any day of the week.

It is easier, as a rule, to shoot snipe when walking across the wind, as they, like most other birds, always rise against the wind and will continue more or less in the same direction, thus presenting a sideways-moving target in which the natural twisting and dodging of the bird will not cause the same difficulty as when the course taken is more away from the sportsman. Sometimes when the wind is very strong the birds will turn down-wind suddenly and become very difficult to hit. Snipe are easier to kill in warm weather as they fly more lazily at such times.

The game laws do not apply to snipe in the same manner as they do to other game birds, *e.g.*, the snipe being a migratory bird, here to-day and gone to-morrow, may be shot on a Sunday, and snipe-shooting ends only with the general close season for wild birds, *i.e.*, the end of February.

In conclusion, it may be as well to quote (from memory and with apologies for any mistakes) a few lines from "Advice to Young Sportsmen," taken from an old book on shooting:

... and when they rise
Look but at one with both your eyes;
Then elevate the tube with care
Still gazing at the bird in air.

Of this a man may take his oath
He'd better shut one eye than both!

ON THE GREEN

By BERNARD DARWIN.

GOLFING COLOURS.

THE title of these notes, "On the Green," suggests to me the subject of golfing colours, for a reason that I will unfold. When Mr. Croome designed the now familiar tie of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society he not only made a pretty tie, but a pretty play upon words, for his tie was meant to represent the dark and light blues meeting on the green. The dark green background captivated the Army Golfing Society, who have designed for themselves a tie on the same principle, save that narrow red and white stripes take the place of the two blues. The Old Etonians, who met Oxford and Cambridge at Addington last Saturday and Sunday and lost to them, are now thinking of following suit. They are trying to arrange the light blue, to which they have a right, together with a black stripe, on the green without being guilty of a too obvious plagiarism. I have been trying to think of other golfing colours, and there are not very many. The members of that venerable society, the Edinburgh Burgess Club, wear, or used to wear, black velvet caps when they played on their pleasant course at Barnton. At Cannes one used to see some very dashing coats of red and white stripes. The Universities used to wear dark and light blue facings to their red coats, but the red coats have gone and the facings with them. I blush to own that I have, at the bottom of a drawer, a light blue cap adorned with crossed clubs in silver, but I have never worn it and I never shall. Since red coats have gone, the general trend has been towards ordinary drabness and tweediness. One can hardly regret them, and yet they have a certain archaic charm when one sees them dotted about among the furze and bracken on a common. They are, however, bad things to get behind. Once the aspiring golfer used to say that he would buy a red coat when he could get round under a hundred. To-day the converse seems to be the case, and the red-coated golfer is he who takes over a hundred to the round.

A BATTLE OF SOCIETIES.

The match before mentioned between the societies of Oxford and Cambridge and the Old Etonians was a good and pleasant one. We of the one school arrogantly challenging two Universities were well beaten, as was only proper, but a great many of the matches finished on the last green. We lacked one or two of our best players; so did our conquerors, of course, but their resources are the larger. Mr. Bristowe, a player in whom I have a great belief, had reluctantly to desert us, and that was a sad blow. With him we should not have won, but I think we should have made a fierce fight of it. Mr. Wethered and Mr. Beck won all their four matches, and that is never an easy thing to do in these foursome matches in which each couple meets all the four opposing ones in turn. Mr. Beck was good at Oxford two years ago, but he is much better now: witness his victory in the Kashmir Cup this autumn against a very strong field at Westward Ho! He does one thing which must I feel sure be right, but very few golfers do it. He addresses the ball with his feet and his knees in the position which they will occupy when he hits it; that is, with his left foot turned markedly out and the right knee crooked markedly in. It is, of course, much what Duncan does, and it seems to me that it would save a great deal of trouble and superfluous movement if one could master

it. Mr. Mellin and Mr. Hooman, the other very formidable Oxford and Cambridge pair, won their first three matches, but came rather badly "unstuck" in their last. They were 2 up with 3 to go against Mr. Pollock and Colonel Skene and then lost all those three holes.

A MIRACULOUS FOUR.

There was one hole played in this match which was certainly one of the most remarkable I ever heard of. Those who know Addington will not have forgotten the ninth hole. Some way in front of the tee is a deep crevasse. When and if we carry this, we then make a left turn and play the second over another crevasse. At the bottom of each are stones and rough ground, and the sides are craggy and precipitous. To get into either is almost to abandon hope: to get into both is to pick up. Now observe how Mr. Wethered and Mr. Beck played it. Mr. Wethered hit his drive hard on the head and was in crevasse No. 1. Mr. Beck hoisted the ball out so far that it went into the second. Here Mr. Wethered found a solitary bit of grass, combined, I admit, with a hanging lie, and playing a really great shot put the ball roysds. from the hole—and then Mr. Beck holed the putt. Their wretched adversaries had a highly respectable drive, a highly respectable iron shot on to the green, and three highly respectable putts when they got there!

LONG HOLES.

With the golf ball flying as far as it does and golfers hitting it as hard as they do the old fashioned long hole, the hole that took three good shots to reach, is almost a thing of the past. There may be a third shot, but it is often too short to be very severely testing. The real thing may still be found, however, and I found two of them the other day when I went to play for the first time at Croham Hurst. The tenth hole there is 542yds. long. In order to recuperate from this, one is set to play an extraordinarily good and difficult short hole, a gem set in a golden sea of bunkers; and then comes the twelfth hole, which measures 563yds. I played the first of these two against the wind; the second with it, so that it seemed the shorter of the two, but neither seemed at all short. Nor, I hasten to add, did either appear at all dull. There is something to be done with every shot, and both greens are rigorously guarded. In such a case, where the third shot is more than a mere chip and there is not much room, the man who has played two good wooden club shots gains a real advantage and the hole is thoroughly interesting. I do not know which of the two long holes at St. Andrews is deemed by learned people to be the better. Both are striking, but personally I should vote for that coming in, the fourteenth. If, however, I have to vote for the best long hole anywhere I shall plump, I think, for the eleventh at Worplesdon. It has such a wonderfully large number of interests and problems. Given a fine strong head wind, there is still much to be said for the old Suez Canal at Sandwich. It is still a test of long, straight resolute hitting, even if it lacks the finesse of some other holes. When Mr. Mure Fergusson played with Mr. F. G. Tait in the historic St. George's Vase of 1898, he got home in three at that hole with a gutty ball in the teeth of a big wind and holed his putt. Surely this was one of the finest fours on record—almost as good as Mr. Wethered's and Mr. Beck's!

CORRESPONDENCE

ETHICS OF IVY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—All true lovers of the former beauty of Magdalen College will be grateful to you for printing in your issue of November 12th the two photographs of the cloister quadrangle, but they will not all agree with your anonymous correspondent's view as to the best treatment of what was one of the finest "bits" of Old Oxford; and many will hold that the total abolition of plant-life against buildings such as the quadrangle and west front of Magdalen and the garden front of St. John's, is a mistake which will give more grief than pleasure. The photographs which you have published have a two-fold value: (1) They show a state of neglect. Climbing plants have been allowed to run riot for the past five years among

a most important decoration in Magdalen because they were shown up in high relief by a dark background of ivy. I enclose two photographs to illustrate my point. These interesting figures could doubtless be seen when the wall behind was new and smooth, but now that it is old and rough a background is required and the creepers gave this. "Pertinax" gloats because his friends, the enemies of ivy, have been successful in destroying it and all its works; but the statues, as his own photographs show, can be well seen where there is ivy, and are invisible where it has been removed. They now merge in the background, like khaki in the desert, and the quadrangle has been robbed of a most attractive feature. But what the photographs do not bring out is that the surface of the masonry has been scaled by the

violent removal of the ivy, leaving a scabrous white wall face that swears against the darker stone. Some years ago a large part of the wall of the Great Tower was needlessly stripped of its creeper under the pretext that it was doing harm to the masonry. This view was proved incorrect. The outward sloping leaves of the ivy formed a penthouse that kept the weather from the wall; and the part that had been long covered was found to be better preserved than parts of the tower higher up that had not had the advantage of similar protection. After the removal of the creeper the surface of the stone was dressed with a baryta mixture that gave the whole tower the appearance of the "skin of an elephant." Does "Pertinax" prescribe this treatment for the cloisters too?—R. T. GUNTHER, Magdalen College.

[The objection is not to the presence of all plant life, but to

the planting and encouragement of entirely wrong and ill-adapted plant life. Against good architecture where very little covering is "desirable, and where the plant must be fully under control so that it may not trespass beyond its proper area, ivy is altogether inappropriate. You cannot train it, and if you cut it you get a harsh ugly edge. A wall shrub such as *Crataegus pyracantha*, a climber such as wistaria, a tree such as the pear, are all fit subjects for the purpose, whereas ivy is quite unsympathetic in such surroundings even when it receives constant supervision, while where, as is only too usual and is the case at Magdalen College, it is neglected, it shrouds the architecture, breaks its lines and produces a heavy and amorphous mass injurious to the fabric. Lawns are not sown with coarse grasses. Good architecture also deserves the finest and most disciplined plants as its associates.—ED.]



CLEAR AGAINST THE IVY, MERGED INTO THE STONE.

crochets and battlements and over beautiful architectural detail, to the detriment of the beauty of both plants and buildings. For this "hypertrophy" the enemies of creepers have been responsible. As well might a lawn, wantonly left untended for months, be condemned. If grass needs cutting and rolling twice a week, is it too much to expect that a climbing plant be attended to twice a year? (2) The photographs show the deplorable effect of the total removal of ivy from the walls of the cloisters. Now the most remarkable feature of the cloisters is the series of "Hieroglyph" sculptures that surmount the buttresses. King James was so struck by them that he pronounced the College to be the "most absolute building in Oxford." This exclamation was elicited by the fact that the statues had been newly picked out with paint in his honour. Oxford weather has [happily removed all traces of the paint, but the statues, until a few months ago, were none the less

THE OFFICE OF WORKS AT FARLEIGH CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a letter from Mr. Harold Peto with reference to Farleigh Castle which appeared in your issue of November 5th. May I be allowed to point out that the National Trust does not own the building in question and that the writer is obviously under the mistaken impression that the buildings handed over to the National Trust are under the guardianship of the Office of Works? I do not desire to make any pronouncement on the merits of the particular case to which Mr. Peto refers, but in fairness to the National Trust I hope you will insert this disclaimer of all responsibility in the matter.—S. H. HAMER, Secretary of the National Trust.

CHRISTMAS TREES FOR HOSPITALS AND SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A small spruce tree, from 4ft. to 10ft. high, standing in a plantation with hundreds or thousands like it, is of small value to its present owner; but if it be transferred to a London shop in December it becomes a "Christmas tree" and commands a comparatively large price—such a large price, in fact, that those who give Christmas parties to children in the poorer parts of London are very grateful to anyone who will, by giving them a tree, relieve them of it, and thus enable them to spend more on decorations and presents for the children. At the cost of a few shillings to myself I have for many years sent Christmas trees to certain hospitals and schools in London, but my stock of spruce of suitable size is now exhausted and I can do so no longer. Will any of your readers take my place?—HENRY ALLHUSEN, Stoke Court, Stoke Poges.

A MAP WANTED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Could any correspondent aid in the settlement of a matter of local antiquarian interest which apparently can only be solved by consulting the map in Priestley's "Historical Account of the Navigable Rivers, Canals and Railways throughout Great Britain, as a reference to Nichols, Priestley and Walker's New Map of Inland Navigation, 1831." If any person within easy range of West Hartlepool possesses the map, the notification of their name and address would be esteemed by—S. F. SAINTY.

CLEANING THE FEN DIKES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the enclosed photographs showing a Ruston Drag-Line Excavator at work in the Fens, near Ely. The engine man casts his bucket across the stream, much as a fisherman casts his fly; as the bucket has a capacity of about 15 cubic feet, there is a Brobdingnagian drollness about this operation. The drag-line then draws the bucket across the bottom of the stream, thus digging out the channel. The bucket is hauled up on reaching the other side and the spoil dumped on the banks or in carts or trucks. It is well not to be too close during this operation; on one occasion a foreman left his motor cycle and sidecar in the wrong place and they disappeared when the bucket emptied! When the channel within reach of the excavator has been scraped clean, the excavator is moved forward on its caterpillar tracks and work commences on a fresh portion.—AQUARIUS.



CASTING THE BUCKET.



HAULING IN

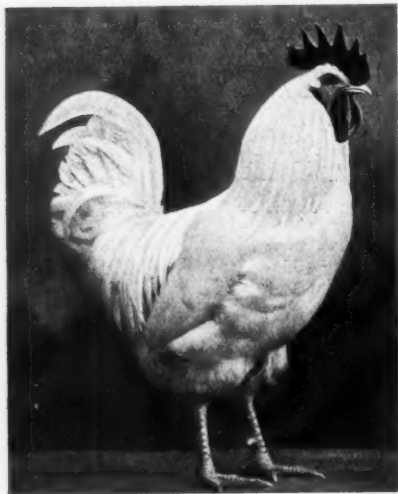


AFTER AND BEFORE CLEANING.

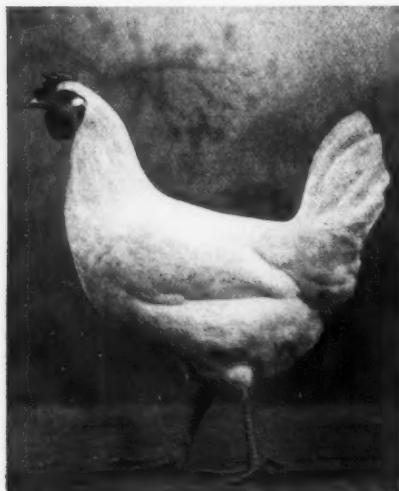
THE WHITE LA BRESSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you two photographs of the White La Bresse. I think these white ones show especially well the wonderful quality they have for table birds. A cross between a white cock and any other breed produces a splendid table bird and layer, as white as snow. Our head-keeper here turned down two of our La Bresse cocks in one of the old pheasantries, where he puts all the hens of every description which he bought in to sit on the pheasant eggs last spring. So he set three lots of those cross-bred eggs—and thirty-six hatched, every one of the chicks being pure white like La Bresse, and the most wonderfully healthy, alert little birds possible. The keeper, who has been with us for over thirty years, was very much astonished at his hatches, because the hens so preponderated over the cocks; it shows us the prepotency of their breed. We have here a flock of splendid young cockerels, all at liberty and ranging in a large park, so that they are very healthy and fit for a breeding pen at any time now. My great effort is always to keep the breed pure to the French standard. It is a breed that really deserves to be better known, even for cross-breeding by farmers to improve their poultry yards. This really beautiful breed is a very old one. By ancient documents La Bresse fowls can be traced back to the end of the sixteenth century. At times experiments have been made in crossing La Bresse with Brahma or Cochins and later with the Orpingtons. All these have been mistakes, for the true bred medium-sized fowls are always sold at a higher price than the larger cross-breeds. In 1904 there was founded in France the La Bresse Club, and it has had great success in bringing to perfection and encouraging the industry. Anyone who is interested in the breed should read the most interesting book by Le Comte



A WHITE LA BRESSE COCKEREL THAT TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



A TYPICAL "GIPSY-FACED" WHITE LA BRESSE.

Gandelet on "La Volaille de Bresse."—M. O. HOLLAMS, Dene Park, Tonbridge.

OLD CHEESE PRESSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of one of the old cheese presses such as are still to be found in Cumberland farmhouses. This one belongs to Mr. R. Troughton of Thwaite Yeat, near Broughton-in-Furness. It is over a hundred and fifty years old. The huge freestone block is about 18ins. square and 40ins. in length and is attached to a screwed bar which goes through a wooden cross-beam. A small piece of wood is seen above the cross-beam and is turned



A CHEESE PRESS IN A CUMBRIAN FARMHOUSE.

round to raise or lower the block. Cheeses weighing 40lb. and over used to be made in this press.—HARRY MOORE.

A CORNISH SUPERSTITION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I showed your issue of October 29th, containing Mr. S. L. Bastin's letter upon the above subject to an old Cornish lady. She was very indignant and declared that the two crosses only guarded a very little bit of Cornwall. The devil could have got around them quite easily. The reason of his never coming into Cornwall was quite different. The devil was terribly afraid. I give the story as she told it to me. He came to the edge of the county and looked across, fully intending to enter. Just close at hand was a tiny cottage, and in this a woman was busy making a pasty. The devil watched her at work and then—for he had assumed the form of a man—enquired what she was making, and was told that everything went into a pasty in Cornwall—vegetables, meat, fruit, wild berries and all, "and even you, good sir, would be made into a pie if a Cornish woman was hard up for something to make a pasty with." The devil did not like the looks of the woman, so he hastily departed and tried another cottage and received much the same answer. Finally, he enquired of all the travellers he met and heard terrible things of the Cornish woman and her love for pasty-making, and that no foreigner was safe from their pie-making clutches. The devil was so terribly frightened that he faded into thin air and vanished from the scene. Never since then has he dared to cross into Cornwall, "so there are no wicked people in Cornwall," added my informant, "unless, perhaps, they are foreigners and born in another part of the country."—H. THOBURN-CLARKE.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following may interest many of your readers. One of my pedigree Middle White gilts, which was one of the pen of three with which I took second prize at the Royal, was due to farrow on Monday, October 10th. She was brought down from her compound in the woods so that she might farrow near home in one of my straw yards. She was placed in this yard at three o'clock in the afternoon and certainly was there at 9 p.m. At half-past six on Tuesday morning she was missing from the pen; she had broken through a fencing made up of 36in. 9 gauge pig fencing, and was found by my herdsman at 6.30 on Tuesday morning, having farrowed at the side of the road under a bush opposite to her pen in the woods, and having gone a distance of over a quarter of a mile, which shows that the pig, even domesticated, much prefers to farrow on the open-air system than pent up in a yard. She gave birth to

thirteen little pigs, of which twelve are living. The wire surrounding the compound in the wood was only 12 gauge, but it seems she never tried to enter her pen, but farrowed on the roadside. I mention this as apparently her whole aim was to get out of the straw yard and to farrow in the natural way under a bush. Most of my pigs from May until October farrow out of doors, but I have never before had this experience.—M. J. ROWLANDS, M.D.

[THE FORWARD SEAT IN THE HUNTING FIELD.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I entirely agree with Captain Wall. The more I think of this subject, the more certain I am that, as Captain Wall says, in discussing the forward or the backward seat, we are losing sight of the true methods of horsemanship in the hunting field, which I define as unconscious adaptability to the horse, the country and the fall. I do not think that I have ever advocated the "backward" seat. The "forward" seat I dislike because, if carried out as suggested by its advocates, it throws the weight of man and horse on the forelegs on landing and saves the horse's back (if it does save it) at the expense of the forelegs. The whole secret, if secret there is in riding a hunt, lies in the rider being in such a position as to be completely at ease. Everyone has his own length of stirrup leather. There is a tendency nowadays to ride too short, as, perhaps, some of the older men rode too long. But since illustration is better than words, I have before me a painting by Captain Lionel Edwards of a whipper-in jumping a fence out of a cover. This man seems to me to have a perfect hunting seat and to carry himself and his hands exactly in the right positions. This picture, I believe, COUNTRY LIFE readers will have the chance to see next week, and I shall be surprised if anyone disagrees with me as to the perfection of this man's seat for practical work in the hunting field. The forward seat, consciously adopted, may be suitable for the show-ring jumper (I think it is), and for the flat race jockey, but for the polo player or hunting man I make bold to say that it could only lead to disaster.—X.

A NEW ZEALAND AMUSEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I trust you may be able to make use of this photograph, showing how people amuse themselves in the "back blocks" of New



A LITTLE DIVERSION IN THE BACK BLOCKS.

Zealand.—B. ENNIS, Longburn, Manawatu, N.Z.

[Our readers who have followed the Correspondence on "The Forward Seat in the Hunting Field" may be amused to see this picture.—Ed.]

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE OAK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The letter in your issue of November 12th about the oak at Painswick is interesting, and so are the ninety and nine yews which grow in Painswick Churchyard—famous the world over. In sight of my windows where I am writing, on my own estate, in the county of Middlesex, stands an oak, perhaps without equal in the county; the spread of the branches is 140ft., the size round the trunk 2ft. above the ground is 24ft. 6ins., the height I do not know for certain, it seems to be about 60ft.—A LOVER OF TREES.

MODERN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

THESE is a popular notion that American architecture is principally an affair of skyscrapers, which catch-penny term is taken to mean buildings of endless storeys, weird and ugly. But the facts are very different. It is true that the skyscraper is essentially an American creation, the direct fulfilment of extreme conditions. Where land values had reached a fabulous sum, and air cost nothing, the inevitable thing was to build high on a small space rather than to build low on a long one. From an engineering point of view the problem was comparatively easy of solution, but extremely difficult in point of architectural design. The new type of building was like nothing before, except the campanili, but these were dwarfs compared with the thirty-storey office building. Nevertheless, American architects have solved the problem very completely, as shown by the Woolworth building, the Cunard building, and the New York Municipal building, to take three representative examples. There is nothing gaunt about these aspiring structures: indeed, they possess a singular grace. But successful as has been the architectural achievement of the skyscraper, and arresting as this is, it is not the sole form of expression that distinguishes modern architecture in the United States. Far more significant is the general development of the classical manner, the breadth and noble scale displayed in the chief business structures, the post-offices, libraries, and other civic buildings. This fact should be convincingly brought home to the English public by the exhibition which was opened by Lady Astor last Tuesday in the galleries of the Royal Institute of British Architects.* For here may be seen the most representative collection of its kind ever shown in London. The collection comes from Paris, where it formed part of this year's Salon. For the most part it consists of large photographs of executed buildings, but also there are some splendid drawings—just sufficient to indicate that fine manner of draughtsmanship which the Americans took in conjunction with the general scheme of training in the French Ecole, on which their work was originally based. Many of the buildings shown will be familiar to those who have visited the States, and equally to architects in this country who have never crossed the Atlantic, but who have studied the illustrations that have appeared in the architectural journals; but in addition there are some which will be fresh to both, while all will come as a revelation to the general public who have only a very passing acquaintance with what is being done architecturally in America. The work of practically all the principal men is included, McKim, Burnham, Post, Delano and Aldrich, Carrère and Hastings, Cass Gilbert and Charles A. Platt being prominent among them; and also included is some excellent work by men who are not so well known in this country. There is, for example, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, by Welles Bosworth. This is truly superb, both in lay-out and architectural design. Here

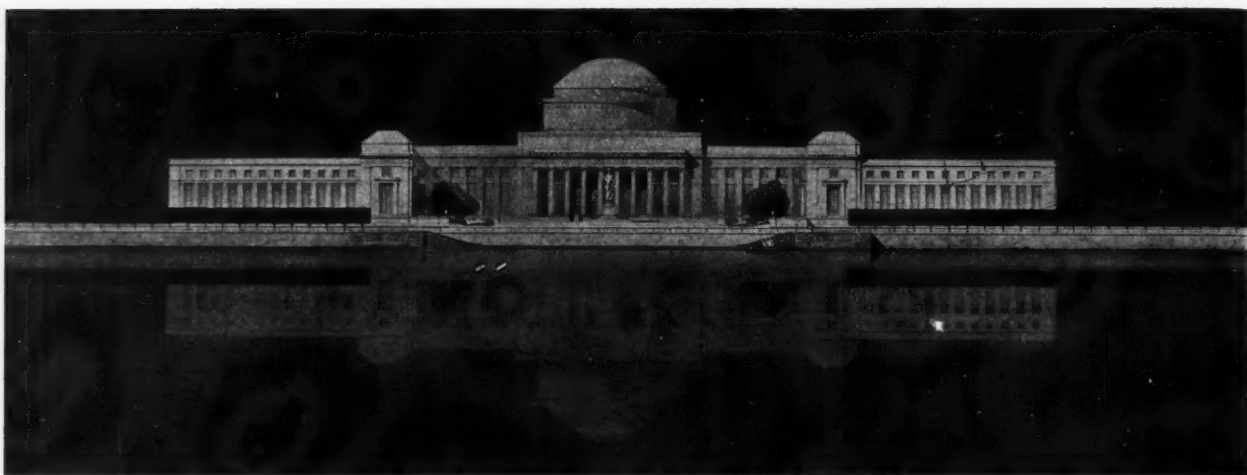
we have embodied what America thinks a great technical school ought to be. And how splendid it really is, with its stateliness, fine sense of composition, and scholarly handling of the Greek Order. The use of the Order on a grand scale, while allowing the plan to fulfil modern requirements completely, is a distinguishing characteristic of modern American architecture. The façade of the New York Post Office, to take one example among many, is a noble illustration of this; or, to take another, there is the Temple of the Scottish Rite at Washington—a Masonic building that stirs the imagination.

Primarily the result attained must be credited to the scheme of architectural education in the Universities of the United States. We in this country, during the last decade or so, have been developing on similar lines, the Liverpool School foremost in the movement, and there is every indication that in due time a higher general standard will thus be attained; for in architectural education, as in all other, hope is with the younger men. The casual scheme of pupilage which began with odd tracing, which continued with sketching and water-colour dabbling of pretty "bits," and which reached its consummation in "picking up" as much as fell from the master's table, is now in process of being thrust back to limbo; and a much better scheme of things takes its place, in the form of thorough and scholarly courses of architecture on co-ordinated lines.



THE NEW CUNARD BUILDING, NEW YORK.
B. W. Morris, Architect. Carrère and Hastings, Consulting Architects.

* The exhibition is open free No. 9, Conduit Street, W., from 10 to 5 (Saturday 10 to 1), up to and including Friday, December 9.



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

William Welles Bosworth.

The United States, a new country, has naturally offered facilities for great schemes on a scale beyond what has been considered possible here; but side by side with the opportunities (and this needs special emphasis) there exists in America a much bigger public spirit than we display. Take, for instance, the railway termini in London. Compare such conceptions as the Pennsylvania Station in New York or the Union Station in Washington with the terminus where we welcome and speed kings and ambassadors. Who but ourselves would ever have allowed the poor mixture which exists at Victoria, where two stations are sadly jumbled and the entrance to them is by way of a forecourt in which 'buses and taxicabs perambulate. Or take the way into Charing Cross, which remains half smothered by old buildings. If the thing had been worth doing at all, it was worth doing well, and a fine opening cleared here. Even in the case of the magnificent island site in the Strand there has been extraordinary inability on our part to achieve anything worthy from the civic point of view; so that after the place had lain a wilderness for years and years it must be left to an American company and an American architect to appropriate it!

The common excuse for all these things is that we are an old country hampered by old conditions, and that the expense of doing what might be done is quite prohibitive. Doubtless it would be easy to bring figures to prove that. At the same time we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, both in municipal and in larger civic matters, too often a mean spirit persists, a spirit very different indeed from that which prompted the Business Men's Club to "put up the money" for Burnham's great scheme for the development of Chicago, embodied, as some readers will remember, by that wonderful series of drawings by Jules Guérin which was exhibited in the Royal Academy some years before the war.

Certain critics may twit our schools for setting the younger men to solve problems which will never come their way in practice—commemorative buildings of porphyry in the midst of great lakes, and so forth; and there is the enthusiast who dubs the classical work as "shirt-front architecture."

But in so far as public buildings are concerned, America sets us a stirring example, exemplified in this exhibition. We ourselves had achieved something of the sort, though on a more modest scale, by the end of the eighteenth century, and there were men like Cockerell in the nineteenth who could produce equally fine work. But the Gothic upheaval upset everything, and it is only in quite recent years that we have begun again to pick up the thread that was dropped; and if our general standard of civic architecture is yet far below what it might be, it is at least a good augury for the future that matters are improving, and that among the younger men are some who possess outstanding ability of a kind that leads to great things.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



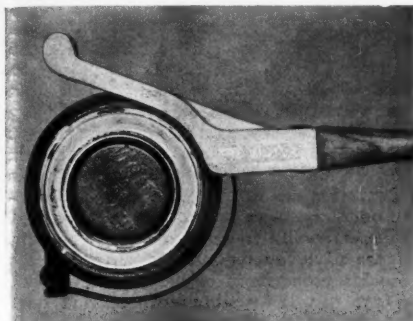
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY; DETAIL OF FACADE.

SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

ANOTHER CLAY BIRD FLINGER.

THE accompanying illustration of a hand-flinger for clay birds raises great expectations in my mind. It is the design of Mr. Robinson, of the Victor Pigeon and Rabbit Co., and he has repeated it in a smaller size for use with birds of the miniature type which has been mentioned in an earlier note. So far as my brief test of this flinger permits me to judge, it gets over the difficulty attendant on the better known designs in that it releases the bird without requiring that



THE LATEST HAND FLINGER.

excessiveness of jerk from the wrist which makes its direction of flight uncertain and at times dangerous to onlookers. The milder spring here employed permits the novice to throw a very presentable bird approximately in the direction intended. If the practice is to be any good at all, the aiming power should be equal

to that of a thrown stone, for in no other way can the birds be projected in imitation of driven game over the head of a gun posted in an appropriate "stand" behind a hedge or other screen. Then a medium degree of approximation in their flight supplies the needful diversity of angle, height and range for beneficial practice. The wildness of this season's partridges has started a good many people wondering what is the precise lead required by this bird when driven. In practice it may be anything from 3ft. to 8ft., the charge-spread varying, according to distance, from 1ft. to 4ft. To lift and direct the gun in the brief time available and to align it with certainty the correct distance ahead comprises the whole art of shooting, and there is no bird which calls for a higher grade of proficiency than the driven partridge. To bring them over the gun is so difficult that once they are there the shooter should be reasonably certain of hitting them, and there is no better medium than the clay bird for registering in the mind's eye and memory the conditions needful for success. Hand-flingers of a satisfactory type would supply the mechanical equipment free of the trouble which has to be bestowed on the installation of a trap.

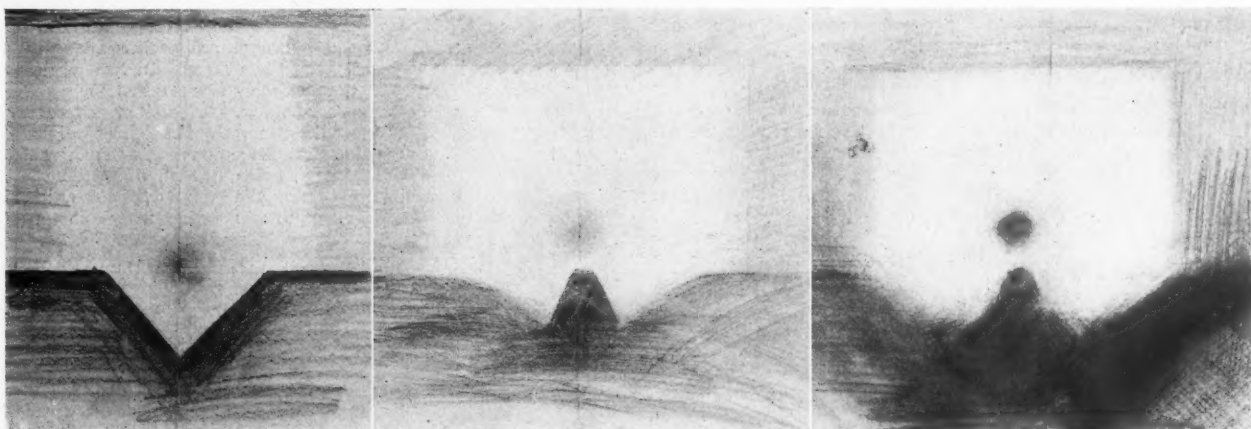
CLAY BIRD SHOOTING CHANGES.

Something more than rumour credits the Clay Bird Association with the intention to make an important alteration in its basic rules of a kind calculated to meet the changing wishes of shooters. The change in question is the authorisation of the 1½ oz. shot charge in place of the present 1¼ oz. maximum. At first sight the move from ordinary game cartridge specification might seem wrong, and yet there is the American custom by way of justification, with its accompanying condition of one barrel only. Our clay bird shooters should certainly come into line with conditions which are now universal and, therefore, in vogue for international contests. In favour of using only the one barrel is that by the time you have missed with the first at a rapidly departing objective the second is, four times out of five, sheer

waste of ammunition, but it is a compulsory waste, in that the odd chance must be taken if the competitor is to do his best. Whether his choice is decided by the gun he would use, the limit he would place on his expenditure, the relative thrills of one shot or two, the competitor's is the only voice which should be heard. From a technical standpoint I should like to see more done than at present with the pigeon cartridge. It is the favourite for use in the Colonies and elsewhere—the places where the local sportsmen vigorously affirm that ranges are noticeably greater than at home. Live pigeon shooting is dead, let the clay bird shooter keep the so-called pigeon cartridge and gun alive. Those of us who have a soft spot in our hearts for the overhead or driven bird must not forget that it is a more or less aristocratic variety, walking up being the poorer man's method of getting on to terms with his quarry. The flight shooter knows the other kind: thus extremes meet, the richest and the poorest knowing the overhead bird, the middle-class by custom esteeming the other. Clay bird shooting on the club system is a sport by itself, but it has this in common with all shooting, that it ministers to the general desire to use a gun, also to that secondary instinct for sociable competitions.

INDOOR MINIATURE RANGES.

One of the big Public Schools contemplates certain changes which may necessitate removing the present range to a fresh site, and the officer of the cadet corps who specially interests himself in the shooting asked whether in the course of my tour last spring I had formed any definite conclusions as to the best system of construction to adopt. As the matter is one of general interest I append my reply: "The ideal is two ranges, one outdoor, and the other an indoor range giving as nearly as possible outdoor conditions of lighting. The presumed sole justification for an indoor range is to put a lot of boys through their course when the evenings and rainy weather offer the main opportunity. If these considerations force you to adopt an indoor range you would, of course, light it so as to give the nearest approach to sky-openness. The saw-back roof with the glass facing north is best, but if you are forced to retain the present roof go for all the skylights the architect can be induced to insert. One of the difficulties of delivering ample light to the targets appears to arise from making the building the bare length of the range, for when they are placed at the foot of the end wall half their diffused light is missing. Much better leave 3yds. behind the targets, when, instead of vertical iron stop-plates you can have an ample sandbank. This reflects lots of light and has no structure to confuse the eye. The idea of seeing the sights in silhouette against the target is, I am sure, fallacious. Make a few experiments and you will see that the U of the backsight, when projected, is itself larger than the target, something like 3ft. square being needed to show up enough of the bar to ensure an upright rifle, etc. An outdoor range provides such a background naturally, also one below the target where the preliminary adjustment of cheek and eye is effected. Now, any photographer will tell you that depth of focus is impossible with a large aperture, and as aligning a rifle necessitates seeing objects at three distances, only abundant light everywhere will so reduce the pupil aperture as to make the sight images sharp enough for accurate aiming. No designer of indoor ranges appears to have realised this fact, but people do know that better scoring is done outdoors." It will be seen that the whole argument is directed against the popular practice of lighting only the firing point and target end of the range, leaving the intermediate space cavernous. In this connection I reproduce three sketches which I made about twenty years ago to show what the eye really sees in shooting with the old barleycorn and V and to prove the need for illuminating the space around the target.



When the backsight alone is focussed.

Foresight alone focussed.

Medium focus, approximating backsight, foresight and bull.

WHAT THE EYE REALLY SEES WHEN SHOOTING.

TWO MEMORABLE RACES

SICYON'S DRAMATIC SUCCESS AT HURST PARK.

DURING the last week there have been two most dramatic races, and possibly one of them, that for the Hurst Park Great Two Year Old Stakes, is quite the most remarkable known to the present generation. I shall come to deal with that directly. For the moment I would like to touch on a most thrilling race for the Derby Cup, which was won, as I suggested might be the case, by Aymestry, the chance of which was unmistakably pointed to by his form when third to North Waltham and Broken Faith for the Newbury Autumn Handicap. In the interval Broken Faith had won a race at the recent Leicester meeting, and thus it was that Aymestry, who won the Derby Cup, actually started favourite for it and by his success put an end to the perfectly horrible sequence of outsiders' successes in big races during 1921. But what a near thing it was!

You who were not there must imagine a field of no fewer than twenty-three on a course which, like Liverpool, is not made for galloping on, because of its turns, by a score and more of horses going at top pace. Some are bound to suffer in the scrimmaging as they go round turns, being either pushed out and made to cover far more ground than others, or else knocked completely off their legs and in that way unbalanced and prevented from racing properly. In this particular race it so happened that Aymestry was quite a long way behind the leaders at one time, and it may have been this fact that helped him to win, for his jockey was able to avoid trouble, and when others had been sorely troubled or were hemmed in he was brought with a clear run in time to engage in a tremendous finish with two light weights, and in the end prevail by a head. Willonya, at the forlorn odds of 40 to 1, and not a bit fancied by her trainer, was only defeated by a head, and had not her small and unknown jockey not been more exhausted than the filly I have no doubt that she would actually have won. As it was, she got out of control at the most critical moment 20yds. from the winning post, rolled, and in that way let up Aymestry to rejoice the hearts and enrich the pockets of many who were deeply interested in his success. What a difference that head margin made! Had Willonya won it would have confirmed the view of many that there is some sinister force controlling the destinies of these big races whereby outsiders that cannot be brought into calculations before a race are made to triumph. But with Aymestry's success the first real blow of the season was dealt at the bookmakers, though, if results in general are to be taken into consideration and duly weighed, I do not think that the bookmakers have had their usual good year. They have lost on the minor races and especially was this the case in mid-summer when more than the usual proportion of first or second favourites won.

Aymestry is a three year old by Corcyra, the horse that the late Lady Londonderry bred and which was just beginning a brilliant stud career when he died. He belonged to Captain Hanbury, and but for his financial affairs necessitating him closing down his active interests in racing, this horse would not have won this race in the colours of the trainer, Mr. H. S. Persse. He recently acquired the colt in partnership with his friend, Mr. R. C. Dawson, who had had the training of him for Captain Hanbury. No one would know better than Mr. Dawson that he had an improving horse in Aymestry, and for that reason alone he would not like to see him pass out of the stable. Hence the resolve to buy him with his friend, Mr. Persse, taking up a half share. This is the sort of happy bargain which makes ownership on the Turf a perfectly delightful occupation and entirely free from the anxieties of owning bad horses with all the disappointments and heavy expenses they entail. I may add that Mr. Dawson will continue to train the Derby Cup winner, and it is not at all unlikely that he will do well with him next year.

Crevasse, which had won the Liverpool Cup when not much expected to do so by Lord Derby and his trainer, Mr. George Lambton, was now thought to have a great chance of winning this race at Derby in spite of having her weight increased by a big penalty of 14lb. Whether she would have risen to the occasion or not but for the very serious interference she met with no one can say. Her jockey, however, declared that she was far from being beaten at a time when she was hopelessly boxed in and denied the necessary opening. Lord Derby could have run Redhead for this race, but he chose, or rather his trainer did, to be represented by Crevasse, and Redhead was made to do duty in a race at Hurst Park, which she won so easily as to suggest that she might have won this Derby Cup had she been allowed to take her chance. An Irish mare named Riverside Fairy, that looked as if she would have been more at home in a little race meeting in the South-West of Ireland, ran into third place, so it was a clear case where she was concerned of handsome is as handsome does. Besides Crevasse, it may be mentioned that Devizes, Front Line and North Waltham were interfered with, and it is not improbable that one of the first two will have something to say about the November Handicap at Manchester. The only further comment I need make on the race is that Tishy ran quite creditably and it is certain that she is not the wretched creature that some people declare her to be. She comes up for

sale early next month along with the rest of Sir Abe Bailey's horses, and I venture to prophesy now that she will make a four-figure sum.

Now for the most dramatic race at Hurst Park in which Mr. Sol Joel triumphed for a prize of £2,000 with Sicyon, while he was second with Pondoland, and Scamp, who was most seriously fancied and backed to beat Mr. Joel's champions, was only third in a small field of six. The other three were Cistercian, Bucks Hussar and Repaid. I may remind readers of these notes that Sicyon is the biggest two year old in training, being a chestnut son of Sunder and Polkerris. The mare I recollect as a very big one, while Sunder was a powerful horse that has shown a tendency to get big stock. But this Sicyon is altogether very big indeed, abnormally so, and with it he is decidedly leggy and almost ungainly in that respect. Scamp is far more of an ideal model of the thoroughbred, having perfect poise and balance and normal size. He is by Son in Law, and it will be remembered that he won the Gimcrack Stakes. His trainer was most confident that he would win this end-of-the-season championship. Pondoland is also a horse of very marked quality, and few can take exception to him on looks. He is a son of Pommern and a rare advertisement for that horse in this his first year of having stock running for him. To get one as good as Pondoland in his first year as well as other good ones suggests that he is destined to enjoy a brilliant stud career and be a worthy successor to Polymelus, of which famous sire he is a son.

A great many people came to see this race at Hurst Park, and if there was any cause for regret it was that Lembach and Condoover, both of which figured in the entries, were absentees. Condoover met with an accident some time ago and after that there was never any question that he would be able to race again this season. Lembach was not considered to be at his best and so the engagement was foregone where he was concerned. Sicyon had never been beaten in his three previous races, and he was a good favourite, as Mr. Joel made a formal declaration to win with him. The other one, therefore, was merely to be regarded as a pacemaker or as an understudy should the favourite fail. But for that declaration I have no doubt that Pondoland would have won the race. As it was he had to be held in check when once he had got Scamp beaten in order to permit of Sicyon racing up in the last 20yds. or 30yds. to take the honours. Certainly it was an amazing sight to see at one time Sicyon four lengths behind Pondoland and Scamp, with Pondoland easily getting the better of Lord Jersey's colt. Then did we see Gardner looking round several times for the one in whose favour the declaration to win had been made. It seemed impossible that Sicyon could get up to save a most awkward situation, but at length his giant strides began to tell and, coming along with a tempestuous rush, he settled the issue in a twinkling and all was well. Mr. Sol Joel breathed again. So also did the army of backers, who, if they had not backed Scamp had wagered heavily on the favourite with never a thought for Pondoland, whose defeat in the circumstances had been taken for granted. It was the most dramatic race, as I have said, that has been seen for years. It shows that Sicyon is a very fine individual and that Pondoland is better than he has been given credit for. The race also suggests that Scamp is not as good as was thought and that Mr. Joel must have a big chance of winning the Derby at Epsom at last, for although Sicyon is not in the entry, he has in it both Pondoland and Polyhistor, and the idea up to the present is that the latter is rather better than the other one. He will be a fortunate man who can find better colts than either of these three.

This week-end there is the race for the Manchester Cup, and in trying to arrive at the winner one naturally turns to the two horses that respectively ran second for the Liverpool and Derby Cups. They are Blue Dun and Willonya, and each is a long way from the other in the handicap. Thus Blue Dun has been set to carry 8st. 5lb., and must, therefore, give no less than 30lb. to Willonya. It is a tremendous lump of weight, especially bearing in mind the very fine fight put up by the lightly weighted one at Derby. The only thing that chokes one off, or at any rate, discourages one, is the lightness of the weight. The difficulty is to get a jockey capable of getting the best out of the animal. We saw that demonstrated clearly and unmistakably enough at Derby, but for which Willonya would not have been beaten by Aymestry. My idea is that the filly is ever so much better in soft going than on hard, and for that reason I remember she could not show her best form at Doncaster. She will take a deal of beating this week-end. Leighton may be overweighted, and I prefer Blue Dun; besides he might not get the course. I shall, therefore, pass him over this time. Horses that are likely to be backed are Charlebelle, Franklin, Devizes, Front Line, Tremola, Sabotage, and the two discussed above. I have most regard for Willonya, Blue Dun and Charlebelle, and I prefer them in that order. Flat racing comes to an end this week, and next week I hope to be able to touch on some features of what in many respects has been a remarkable and not altogether satisfactory season.

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